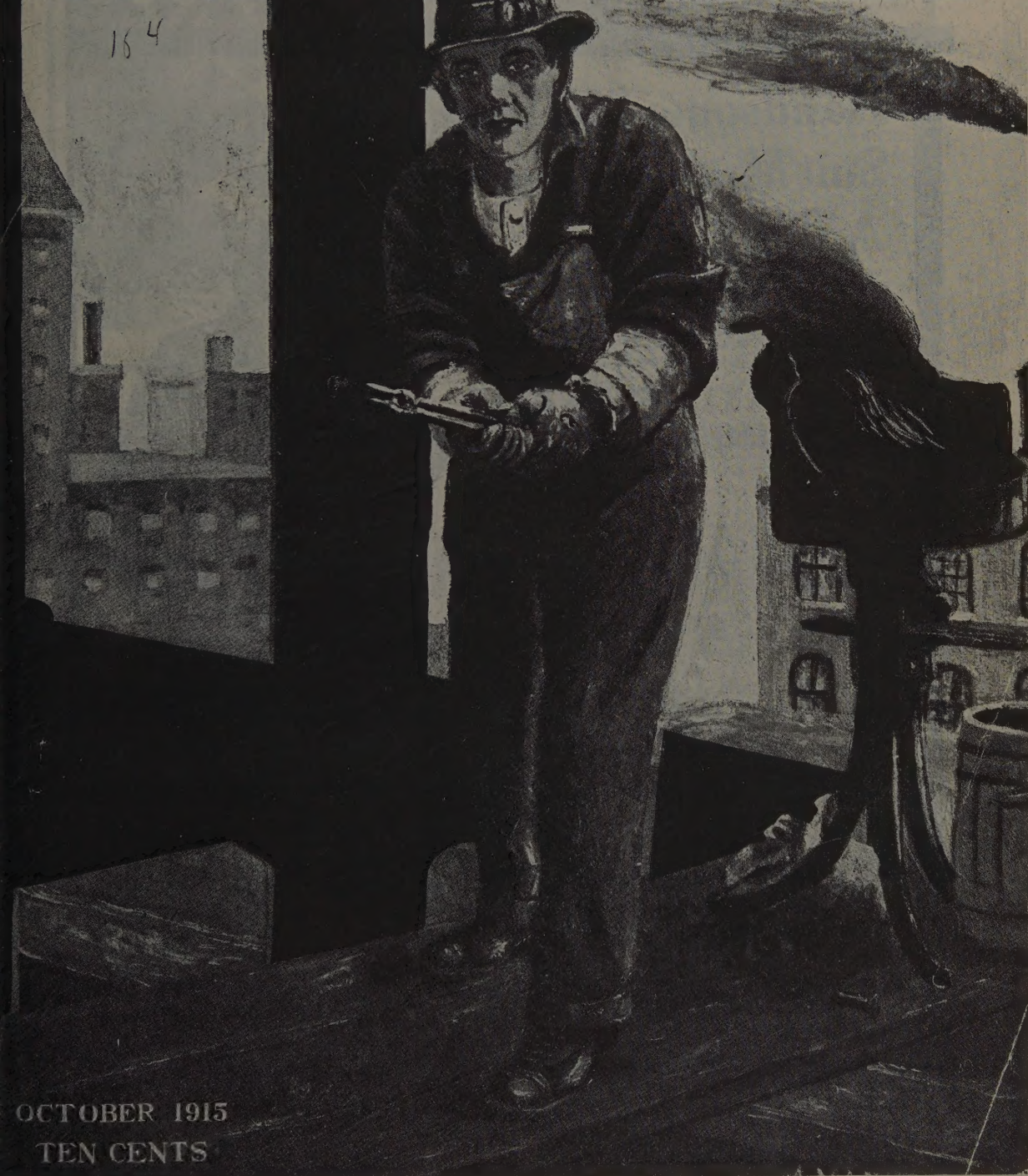


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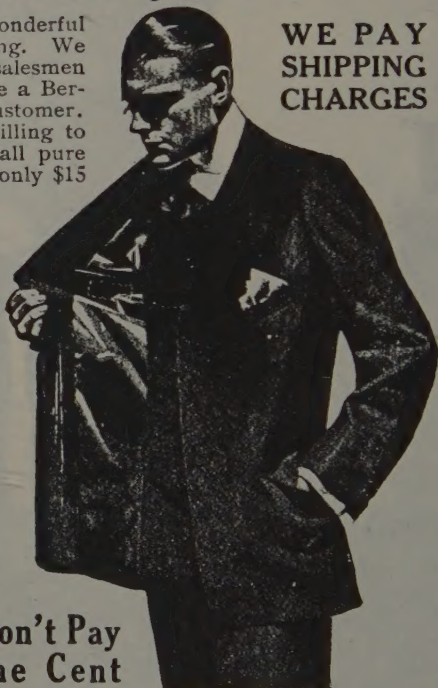
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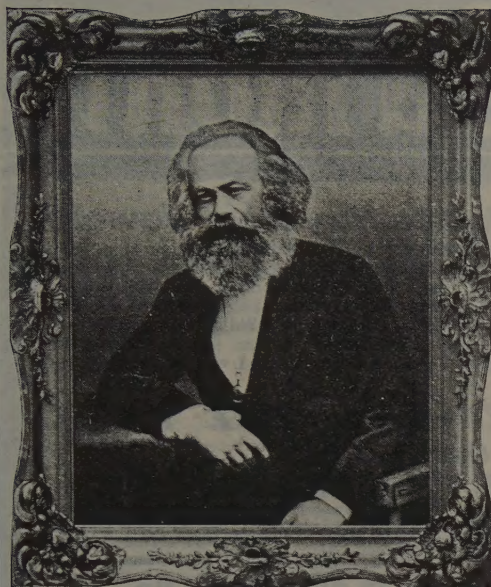
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No. 4

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DEPARTMENTS

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FROM THE HERALD, LONDON.—OTHER SHELLS KILL WORKERS—THIS KILLS MILITARISM.

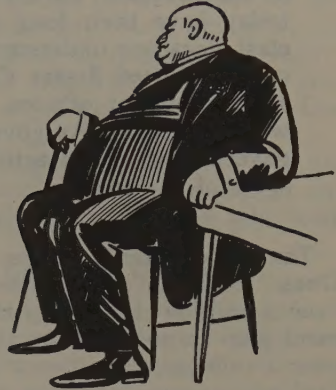
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You Slobs of Politicians Sitting Around Washington



YOU politicians sitting around Washington, here's a little job you can do if you want to make good on this bluff you're always pulling about how you love the people.

Pass a tax law ordering that when John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Charley Schwab, Henry Frick, Marshall Field, Harrison Gray Otis, or any other multi-millionaire, is shoveled away in his grave, then the United States Government shall step in and take away everything from the children and relatives except one million dollars for the heirs to live on.

You slobs of politicians, sitting like buzzards around the white dome there in Washington, never backing up the few clean, decent men who try to do things there, if you've got the nerve to put across this kind of an inheritance tax law, this is what you will do by such a stunt:

You will take away from the future kings of America the stuff that makes them kings. You will take away the land, money and tools by which kings are kings. The Rockefellers govern Colorado because they are Colorado, they own Colorado.

Those who own the land, money and tools of a people are the kings and czars over those people. A good and proper time to take away land, money and tools from an American king family is when a king dies.

You can use the millions and millions of dollars taken away from these dead industrial kings to push along what the working class wants. You can take the kids out of factories and send them to school and feed 'em.

You can take mothers out of factories and give them a chance to bring up their young ones.

You can build roads, a net work of pikes from coast to coast (1) letting the unemployed in slack seasons have work and wages under decent conditions, (2) taking away hundreds of thousands of men now out of work and bucking each other in the labor market at factory gates, (3) and giving the farmers a better chance to haul foodstuffs to the cities and beat the game of the railroads.

THAT WALSH REPORT

By CARL SANDBURG

Bankers, Corporation Lawyers, Capitalists and Their Officers of government have a language their own. They talk and write in long words. We hear old priests in Egypt spoke a mumble-jumble about the sacred white cows in the temples. So the spokesmen of the Big Thieves and Big Murderers of today have their long words and their mumble-jumble which the working class does not understand. Now, when Frank P. Walsh and those with him on the United States Commission on Industrial Relations made their report as government officers, they spoke some big and tremendous ideas of the working class. As government officers, they had to use the language of the government. This article puts in working class language some of the high spots of the report.

Tax Dead Men for the Use of Live Ones. Suppose a man dies. He leaves over a million dollars. Let the government step in and take away every dollar over a million.

In this country today are 1,598 families who get every year, without working, \$100,000 or more. And 44 families pull down \$1,000,000 or more. Most of these people don't work. They don't have to. The working class brings them everything they want and more than they can use.

When this country, the United States of America, broke away from Great Britain in the eighteenth century, a law was set up knocking out an old habit they have over in Europe. Over there when a rich man dies most of what he leaves goes to the oldest son. The rest of the family gets enough to live on. In this way, the oldest son, the crown prince, keeps the money of the family and guards the family name. This keeps a small, special class owning the land, money and tools of a nation. It is what the lawyers call "entail." The United States as a republic said nix on this "entail."

Already though, this "entail" game has come back in another shape, with the old face and a new set of whiskers, playing the old, old game that's been going on in Europe to keep all the land, money and tools of a nation in the hands of a small, special class.

Take fifty of the biggest fortunes that have been made in this country. Nearly half of them are tied up in what lawyers call "estates in trust."

The boys and girls, the young men and women who own these estates, never touch them. All the handling is done by trust companies, guardians, investment sharks.

Each estate is like a cow. The trust company milks the cow, takes a little pay for milking, and gives all the rest of the milk to the kids born from the wife of the millionaire, or other heirs.

So children of millionaires go along through life with a flood of dollars pouring in on them. They couldn't stop it if they wanted to. They are choked and slathered with money. Here is the other side. Here's what we see at the other end of the game.

Suppose all the workers in America pass by you in a procession. One out of every ten gets more than \$20 a week. About two out of three gets less than \$15 a week wages. One out of four gets under \$10 a week.

Only one out of ten gets close to a living wage with over \$20 a week.

Of the women, two out of three get under \$8 a week. Half the women and girls find in their pay envelopes for the week less than \$6. One out of five gets under \$4.

And say, bo, how far do you think a

working girl can go on \$6 a week? It's way under the inside limits of a living wage. If she pays more than fifteen cents for a dinner, she's lifting nickels out of the money that ought to go for clothes. If she goes a little too far on clothes, she's taking nickels off her lunch money.

Six dollars a week wages for one-half the wage earning females of the United States is a fierce proposition when we look at the middle and upper class people who blow \$6 for an opera seat, \$6 for a week's automobile gasoline, \$6 for a restaurant dinner for two, \$6 for a pair of shoes or two pairs of gloves.

Behind the stream of dollars pouring in all the time to the bugs who never work, is a big army of children of the working class worn to the bone.

Thousands never learn to write their names. Hundreds of thousands are short winded, played out, and no good when they grow up.

And because the kids work, the father's wages have been cut. In cotton and mill towns the family is expected to live on what the father and mother and the kids earn.

Women and children have bucked the men in the textile mills till wages are low for everybody and no proud father earns enough money to feed his scrub family.

The Chance to Live

The right of a man to have a job—there is no such thing. There will be an army of "out-of-works" so long as we have all land, money and tools in the hands of a small special class.

1. Let the government go ahead now and take away land, water power and mineral rights which these grabbers and grafters have sneaked away from the working class by frauds, frameups and high class con games.

2. Change the U. S. land laws. Don't let any man own land unless he is working it himself. If a man gets land from the government, let the government lease it to him instead of selling it. Any time he can't show he is making good use of it, take it away from him.

3. Or, throw a heavy tax on all land not being worked, land held for a higher market price. Take all taxes off houses,

sheds, machinery, all improvements on land. Try these. See whether they'll get the land-hungry men a little land and a living.

The army of out-of-works is like a mass of shifting sand under a house. You never know what it is going to do next. It may bring the house down. It gets hungry and reckless.

These hundreds of thousands of men who want jobs and can't get jobs, who shake their fists in despair and rage at whoever and whatever it is that shuts them out of a job—here is danger. Look out!

Congress ought not monkey with anything else inside the United States until it fixes things up for the man who wants a job.

Law and Courts

1. Workers get a law on the books, to protect them against deep wrongs, only after a long wearing struggle.

2. When a good law goes on the books the courts generally wipe it out. This hardly ever happens to manufacturers, merchants, bankers, or any other big money men. Courts have power to say a law is "unconstitutional" or something else is wrong with it. And that's all. The workers can whistle through their teeth.

3. Courts are run by judges. Nearly all judges sit in close some way to the big money men. When judges decide cases in court they look at things the way the big money men want them to look. Labor gets the dirty end of the stick.

4. That piece of paper called the Constitution of the United States is some joke. It was made for men and against dollars. It is used for dollars and against men. Constitutional right—huh!

5. There ain't no law and there ain't no government office where a working man can go when some corporation or grafter has skinned him. Wages are held back on him. Company stores cheat him with rotten goods or high prices. His money is taken away from him in a police station, or hospital. Employment agencies pick his pockets by selling him false jobs. Loan sharks and installment houses are more who pick his pockets. Superintendents, foremen and straw bosses take their bit. It runs into millions of dollars a year. It makes men clench their fists at

the rotten system that lets it go on. These men grafted on this way, their pockets picked and their hide welted—there ain't no law and there ain't no government office to help them on to a square deal.

6. Even trial by jury, supposed to be a sacred, hundreds of years old, is twisted against the working class. Those so bold as to go on strike are slammed into jail for what judges call contempt of court. When a judge gets out an injunction, the jail doors are oiled to be ready for the workers in rebellion against a judge.

7. In all states are laws to help guard workers in shops and mines and on railroads. In all states except a few these laws are a joke. They are on paper only.

8. In many places in these free United States working men can't sit on juries. There are taxes, property taxes, poll taxes, all kinds of taxes, that shut 'em out. Or, corporation snipes have a way of picking those they want for juries and they pick only those they want. It's getting common to hear about "hand-picked" juries.

When strikes are on, men who have not been mixed up in pulling any strong stuff are arrested, booked under a wrong name, held for high bonds, and sometimes given the third degree or worse. This stunt has been worked in many places for breaking a strike.

10. In many places, when a strike has been on, the whole job of police work is turned over to employers. Or, employers take police power into their own hands. Sluggers, crooks and strong arm men from detective agencies and strike breaking agencies are hired. A star and a gun and a club goes to each man. He is a deputy sheriff or a policeman. He can beat up or arrest anybody he wants to. And the law says he is a good slugger and a good citizen.

11. When strikes are on, in many places, the regular government goes out of business, a new government of soldiers, detectives and strike breakers is set up. They call it "martial law."

12. What they do to strikers with this martial law government is a dripping, bleeding crime and shame. To call it "civilization" makes any decent man let out one loud, bitter horse-laugh.

These twelve points are backed up by witnesses from all classes. They told what they knew when they were called

to the stand by the commission. Calumet, West Virginia, Wheatland, were bad. Colorado, under orders from the Rockefellerers, is worst of all. Now to get action on these twelve points, here's what can be done.

1. Let Congress go ahead now and start making the constitution of the United States so clear in what it says that no dirty snipe sitting as judge of a court can juggle the constitution without showing just whose monkey he is, just who owns him. These are some of the rights to be guarded by this action: jury trials, free speech, peaceful mass meetings anywhere at any time, the right to keep and carry deadly weapons, to be free from having their homes or union headquarters broken into, to jury trials that are speedy and public, to be bailed out of jail on reasonable bonds, and to be free from the third degree or any other rough treatment.

2. When Congress has passed a law, let it stand. Let no cheap two-legged judge anywhere have the power to wipe out the law. Congress ought to take action to fix this.

3. Pick men for jury duty by using a wheel or some other piece of real gambling machinery that will draw a real jury instead of the frame-up juries seen in Calumet, Colorado and other places. Let Congress act.

4. Congress has power to stop detective and private strike breaking agencies from shipping their gun men and crooks across state lines. There ought to be strict rules all along the line to stop these criminals from overturning the government as they do in nearly all places where they are sent. Let Congress act.

5. State militia are U. S. soldiers. The U. S. Government ought to see that they are not used as sluggers and gunmen against the working class. Let Congress act.

The Right of Labor to Organize

Down under everything, bigger than anything else the workers want, is the right to organize. The only sure way for the wage earning class to make a fight for higher wages, better working conditions, fewer hours, is to organize. The worker who counts on getting more for himself, by himself alone, is counting on a fool's dream.

Employers say there is no need for a union because they let any man have the open door to the superintendent's office. Ask questions of such employers. Get down to what they really mean. You will find they are afraid an organization of their workers would make a fight for higher wages, shorter hours, or better conditions which the employer knows are needed.

Labor skates and labor graft and machine politicians stick out in some labor unions. There are no angels with white wings in the labor movement. Back across the history of labor there were labor skates and labor graft.

In spite of all things that don't look

straight in the labor movement, to say that workers can't organize is to go the limit. They will find a way to fight back.

A big part of the working class is not organized. There is not much use in trying to organize them by a slow steady route. Revolts, flare-ups, count here.

1. Workers should have the right to organize, incorporate, into co-operatives or any other societies, not for money profit. Let Congress act.

2. The law should say clear that any man, woman or child can belong to a labor union, and no employer can kick 'em out for organizing. Let Congress act.

Sanny M'Nee on Tramps and Decent Men

"COMING round a bend of the road we met a man with the wet clay of the newly turned earth heavy on his shoes. He was knock-kneed in the manner of ploughmen who place their feet against the slant of the furrows which they follow day by day. He was a decent man, and he told Moleskin as much when my mate asked him for a chew of tobacco.

"I dinna gang about lookin' for work and prayin' to God that I dinna get it, like you men," said the plougher, "I'm a decent man, and I work hard and hae no reason to gang about beggin'."

I was turning my wits upside down for a sarcastic answer, when Joe broke in.

"You're too damned decent," he answered. "If you weren't you'd give a man a plug of tobacco when he asks for it in a friendly way, you God-forsaken, thrawn-faced bellwether you!"

"If you did your work well and take a job when you get one you'd have tobacco

of your own," said the ploughman. "Forbye, you would have a hoose and a wife and a dinner ready for you when you went home in the evenin'. As it is, you're daunderin' about like a lost flea, too lazy to leeve, and too feart to dee."

"By Christ! I wouldn't be in your shoes, anyway," Joe broke in quietly and soberly. "You marry a wench and set up a beggarly house; you work fourteen or fifteen hours a day for every day of the year. . . . You'll bring up a breed of children that will leave you when you need them most . . . and nothin' before both of you but the grave or the workhouse. If you are as clever a cadger as me why do you suffer all this?"

"Because I'm a decent man," said the plougher.

Joe straightened up as if seriously insulted. "Well, I'm damned!" he muttered, and continued on his journey.—
"The Children of the Dead End."





FUTURE CANNON FODDER—CANADIAN TROOPS AT QUEBEC.



LOADING WAR MUNITIONS ON BOARD THE TENNESSEE AT LEAGUE ISLAND, PHILADELPHIA.



TAKING THE DEATH OUT OF WAR

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL

NO one can safely predict that this is the last war. Rival capitalist groups will exist after the conflict is over and it is not possible that the present world-clash will end in exhaustion or compromise, permitting the opposing nations to grow a new crop of cannon-fodder and recruit their energies for another holocaust two or more decades hence.

Suppose that, some years from now, two great armies again face each other in the field and the world awaits with bated breath and averted face the first cannon shot. Suddenly the order comes, "Fire!" A million rifles click, but there is no answering crash of musketry. A thousand lanyards are pulled, but there is no ensuing roar of guns.

The rival commanders stand dumb with astonishment. Blank amazement shows on the face of every soldier. Telescopes and glasses are hastily leveled. Behold, the enemy is going through the same set of futile motions—he is in a like predicament! There are curses and ejaculations. There is confusion. But only for a moment.

On both sides the order is heard: "Fix bayonets! Charge!" But the bayonets won't fix. The knife doesn't fit the gun. A few excited men spring from the opposing trenches and rush at each other with their bayonets wielded as knives, but a few minutes' use shows the combatants that the metal of their weapons is pliable and easily broken. It won't drive home the death-thrust.

Realizing the situation, both armies withdraw, discomfited, from the field. Kings and presidents, rulers and war lords, gibber with rage when they hear the news, while far back of the battle

lines, ten million workers gather in little groups joyfully to sing "The International."

"A COLOSSALLY comic dream," some will say.

I agree.

"And forever impossible of realization," others will add.

I am not so sure of that. Anyhow, I was led to indulge in the dream by recent reports regarding the difficulties some of the warring powers have been having with their munition supplies.

I quote from a story sent out by the Associated Press, under a Glasgow, Scotland, date, and printed in one paper under the heading: "*War Munition Supply Delayed by Workmen.*" The passages in bold-faced type are worthy of especial attention:

Charges that the supply of war munitions is being held up by the attitude of workmen in the industrial districts are supported by the *Glasgow Herald*, which has made an extensive investigation of the situation in the Glasgow district.

The newspaper's investigators report that in their opinion the whole issue of the war is being jeopardized by industrial inefficiency and by **manipulation of work by dissatisfied workmen.** The following example is given:

"One of the practices of piece-workers is to drag out an operation for which they are getting what they think is too low a price until it takes twice or thrice as long as necessary. They ask for a higher price on the strength of this, and when they have got the price up to the point they

consider sufficient they turn to and get the work done in a fraction of the previous time in order to earn the money.

"Such proceedings in ordinary times are part of the standing struggle between employers and employed. But in war times the result is serious, and develops into disloyalty to the State and a danger to the community."

Again I quote from a Petrograd dispatch to the *London Daily Mail* under date of August 9 last:

Thousands of cases of ammunition of every kind, when opened at the front, were found to contain rubbish. This situation is popularly ascribed to the work of German agents in Russian munitions factories.

Such are the facts that have been so disturbing to the capitalists of Great Britain and Russia, who are fattening on the blood of millions. Meantime, has anything of the kind been noted in the United States? Here is a news agency dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., under date of August 19 last:

A stop order involving many million rounds of small arms ammunition, costing more than \$1,000,000, was cabled by the British Government on Friday last to the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. because of alleged defective cartridge cases.

It is understood the stop order stated that the cartridges were exploding in the barrels of machine guns and putting them out of commission. The same trouble was experienced in rifles.

As a result of the investigation instituted by the U. M. C. Company, after the stop order was received, evidences of mysterious interferences with the spelter and other metallic compounds have been discovered.

No trouble with the particular grade of cartridges was experienced when tested on the proving grounds of the company here, and the shipments were made as hurriedly as possible. The investigation now shows that the "interference" has been such as to affect seriously the toughening of the brass cartridge cases.

An air of secrecy has been thrown over the affair at the plant here, and none of the officers will discuss it. It is understood, however, that the investigation is continuing, and it is hinted that the "interference" is the work of German paid agents.

No reports of a similar nature from German sources have been noted, but this is not surprising in view of the meagre news sent out from Germany, due to difficulty in transmission and a rigid military suppression of all information calculated to give comfort to the enemy. However, recent dispatches from Copenhagen told of trouble among the armament workers in the Krupp works at Essen, Germany. The nature of these troubles was not specified, but a late dispatch declared that the grievances of the workers had been rectified and that the governmental authorities had lost no time in settling them. What caused the German government's haste is a matter for wonder. If the men had struck or even threatened to strike, a few companies of soldiers with loaded rifles might have ended that difficulty. Was it something harder than a strike that the Imperial authorities had to deal with?

Anyhow, the dispatches quoted are sufficient to show that something is on foot. Men working in munition factories, whether they are in the secret employ of the German government or not, are not only showing that it is possible to make bullets that won't fire, shells that won't explode and guns that won't go off—they are doing it.

It is easy to say that such "interference" is the work of German agents; that is the obvious explanation. But can it be that behind the scenes, wherever two or three of them are gathered together, the revolutionary workers who have been forced to accept jobs in ammunition factories are taking action?

The general strike against war having failed to come, are they resorting to their other weapon, known in Scotland as "canny" and in France as sabotage? If so, the day may yet come when the workers of the world will be able to hold mass over the dead body of Militarism, saying, "O bullet, where is thy sting? O shell, where is thy victory?"



IN THE HARVEST FIELDS OF WASHINGTON.

WHEAT, WAGES—AND YOU!

By CARL ULONSKA

THERE is a lesson that is being taught by every wheat field—every wheat harvester and binder—a lesson that comes from all those sunlit fields of ripening grain. That lesson is being taught to every workingman and woman. That lesson concerns and is of vital importance to YOU!

That lesson is being burned upon the minds of every worker of wheat and it is the power of the labor-saving machine in production and distribution, that wondrous genii of making things, which plays so important a part in your every-day life—that dominating factor upon which depends your job!

The power of the machine in production is being illustrated eloquently in the wheat-raising sections of Washington. In the great yellow fields of wheat the harvesting is being done by means of "combines"—machines that cut, thresh and sack the grain "on the fly." These "combines" cut swaths varying from twelve to twenty feet wide, sack the grain and leave it in "wind-rows" on the ground. *Today four men are required to operate a "combine." These four men thresh an amount of grain that by older methods required from five to ten times as many men.*

What does this mean?

Simply that with the use of modern

machinery wheat can be produced with less than half as much human labor, less than half the former cost—and this results in less jobs for you and more profits for the owners of the labor-saving machinery. Your job and your wages are being lessened by improved harvesters, binders and feeders that you and your class have invented and made and now use *but do not own*. Wheat and wages concern you in a vital way.

Right now, two hundred men are seeking work in the harvest fields at Colfax, three hundred at Ritzville, and a like number out of jobs at Walla Walla. It signifies that no longer can we of the working class be told to go out West and grow up with the country—to the fertile wheat fields and the fabled Arcadias of fruit. We have gone to the last great West—we have reached the last great frontier and the development of capitalism has followed us.

There is no hope of retreat, no escape, no possible chance of evasion—*we of the working class are with our backs to the wall.*

What are we to do?

We have got to organize, to think for ourselves, to fight for ourselves, to understand the forces of capitalism in production and distribution in order that we may work to abolish them.



THE CLASS STRUGGLE

By MARY E. MARCY

SOMEbody said, "Let's stop talking about the class struggle." And somebody else said, "Let's." And then the Innocent Bystander inquired, "What is the class struggle?"

That is the question: What *is* the *class struggle*?

It is the struggle between workers and the bosses for the things produced *by* the *workers*. It would be as easy to stop talking about the class struggle as it would be to stop talking about cold weather and winter clothing, about food and rent and marriage and death and disease—for the class struggle is intermingled with all these things.

The working class produced all the commodities existing in the world to-day; all the food, houses, street cars, railroads, all of the clothing. All the coal has been dug by workers, the lumber has been cut and hauled by the workers, the food has been planted and raised and cooked by the workers.

But the class struggle arises over the fact that the employers of labor appropriate all these things produced by the workers. These employers pay the workers who produce all these commodities miserable wages, while they, who produce nothing, keep our commodities.

For example: A coal miner may dig \$18.00 worth of coal in a day. The coal

mine owner pays him \$3.00 in wages and keeps the \$18.00 worth of coal—which leaves \$15.00 surplus value appropriated by the mine owner. The class struggle is the fight over the \$15.00 of surplus value, produced by the *worker* and taken by the boss. The miner wants more or all of the value of his product, while the boss wants to pay him less. The boss thinks \$3.00 a day is an enormous wage for the men who produce \$18.00 worth of wealth every day.

The whole life of the working class is determined by what portion of the value of his product he receives. If he can force the coal operator to give him \$6.00 out of the \$18.00 worth of coal he has dug, it is obvious that the miner can change his whole mode of life from what it was when he received only \$3 a day in wages.

He can live in a better house, buy better food, afford to get married and wear better clothes. When his children are sick he can engage a good doctor and buy medicines. His whole life depends upon just how much he gets out of the coal he digs.

The class struggle is the most important thing in the life of the working class to-day. We could not stop talking about it if we wanted to. Every time we ask for more wages and the boss feels that he has to give them to us, we have gained a little bit more of the value we have produced, and we have left a lower dividend for the

boss. We have fought a small part of the class struggle.

The bosses want low wages and long hours because they know that low wages and long hours mean more surplus value (or more profits) for them. Every workman and woman wants higher wages and shorter hours, although they know this will leave smaller dividends for their employers.

The class struggle is the struggle of the whole working class with the owning class for more of, and finally all of, the value of the things it produces. It is a *struggle* because the capitalist class opposes all these benefits for the workers, higher wages and shorter hours, with all its power. The capitalist class knows that when the workers organize and unite to keep the entire value of the things they make, there will be *no more* profits for the exploiters of labor.

The sort of things that are taught in the colleges, schools and universities are determined by the class struggle; the rich and owning class insists that pupils and students shall be taught to be honest, contented, hard-working, humble, wage-workers—so that even education is a part of the class struggle. But education represents the interests of the owning class just so far as the owning class can control the educational institutions of a country.

Prof. Scott Nearing was thrown off the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania because that university is controlled by some of the biggest profit-takers in America, and because he told the truth in his lectures and books about the conditions in the mines, mills and factories owned by these millionaires.

Every social institution, even when it is supposed to be "free," as it is in this country, represents the interests of one of the two opposing sides in the class struggle. Take the church, the state, or the government; the laws, judges, police, the army and navy; the schools and the press—nearly all these represent the class that *takes* the things which the workers *make*.

Nearly all socialist and labor periodicals, particularly the industrial union periodicals, try to represent only the working class in its struggle for more of its products and finally to abolish the wage system and to give to the workers the entire value produced by the workers.

The class struggle is always fermenting.

Every workman wants to quit work early. Every boss tries to make him work overtime. Every worker demands an increase in wages whenever he thinks he can get it. Individual workers used to be able to treat with their employers and force them to give them an increase in wages, but this is rarely possible now. Industry has been so modernized and systematized that the machines do a great part of the manufacturing formerly done by the skilled laborer and one man is of small importance in a large factory or mill.

About the only way the workers can get anything from the bosses to-day is by organizing with other workers. Up to a few years ago much of the struggling between the owning class and the working class was entirely on the question of more wages or less wages, longer or shorter hours. But now the workers in every "civilized" country in the world are beginning to agitate and educate and organize the workers of the whole world to carry on a gigantic struggle against the capitalist or *owning* class—not for shorter hours and higher wages—not for *more* of the things produced by the workers, to be owned *by* the workers, but in order to take the great manufacturing plants and producing plants and factories, the mines, mills and lands for the workers, so that the workers of the world, and *only* the workers, may receive the full value of the things they produce.

This is the Class Struggle on which is based every labor and socialist movement worthy of the name today.

Nobody *likes* the Class Struggle. Every intelligent man and woman in the world today *regrets* that there is raging everywhere such a mighty *class* war.

Sometimes in some countries those who rob the workers can fool and force and deceive them into fighting battles for the *owning* class, by pretending that a war will prove of benefit to the working class of that country. But when these wars are over the workers always find that the bosses have deceived them. They find that they are still forced to make all the useful and beautiful things used by mankind, while the owning class continues to *take* these things, for which it pays the workers only the lowest possible wage.

And then, very gradually, the workers begin to wake up and to join hands again with their robbed and exploited comrades

across the national boundary lines. Then they begin to learn the meaning of "Workers of the World, Unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."

The Class Struggle will continue as long as one class of idle men appropriates the things made and produced by the workers. The workers cannot stop talking about nor waging the Class Struggle, no matter how much they want to. They will never be content until the things produced by the working class belong to that class.

Revolutionists will abolish the Class Struggle by abolishing classes. When the factories and mines, the lands and railroads, the mills and the great shops are owned and controlled by those who work, every man and woman will have opportunity to labor, to produce all the comforts and pleasures of life without giving over the greater part of their products to a nonlaboring class.

And so we cannot forget the Class Struggle. It is thrust and shoved at those of us who work for wages—every day in the year. We *have* to fight the Class Struggle whether we want to or not. If we did not struggle we would be receiving lower wages and working longer hours until we worked ourselves onto the human junk pile. We *have* to resist the encroachments of the employing class *all the time*.

Every wage worker knows how his boss tries to force him or her to produce more, to work longer, etc., etc. We are constantly rebelling or we are constantly becoming more enslaved. The Class Struggle is the hope of the working class. If the workers cease to fight, cease to contest

every step of the way, if we finally cease to advance and drive the owning class before us, nothing can save us, who produce all the useful and beautiful things in life.

And so, let us be glad of the Class Struggle. Let us rejoice that we are in the fight. Let us remember that in all the years of labor's progress it has never gained anything except by fighting for it. The master class never yielded an iota except where it was forced to yield. It never "gave" us anything. All we have gained has been wrung from the exploiting class; we have taken by our united strength.

Nothing is wholly apart from the Class Struggle. Either it is advantageous to the robber side, or it is advantageous to the producing side; either it advances the interests of the *takers*, or it advances the interests of the *makers*.

Our strength lies in endorsing and supporting and building up and using every institution, every school, or paper, or magazine or union or party which supports and advocates the interests of the whole working class and *of* the working class alone.

The Class Struggle should be the yard stick with which we identify our enemies and our friends. Those that measure up advocating those things that are of benefit to the working class are "good" and should have our co-operation. Those that work to the benefit of the robbing class are backing the foe on the other side of the Class Struggle, and should gain our hearty opposition.

Class loyalty, education and organization along the lines of the great Class Struggle *alone* will free the working class from wage slavery.

On the ground of the class struggle we are invincible; if we leave it we are lost because we are no longer socialists. The strength and power of socialism rests in the fact that we are leading a class struggle; that the laboring class is exploited and oppressed by the capitalist class, and that within capitalist society effectual reforms, which will put an end to class exploitation, are impossible.—From No Compromise.



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE REVIEW BY A REBEL AND SHOWS A YARD FULL OF SHELLS AT THE BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS, BETHLEHEM, PA.

WAR RAISES MAGIC CROP OF GOLD KINGS

**Morgan and Schwab Lead
Winners of \$492,000,-
000 in Profits**

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

NOT millions, but hundreds of millions, it is estimated by stock exchange insiders, will have come to the house of Morgan by the time the last death dealing shell explodes

in hell entangled Europe. The Rockefellers will be outdistanced.

What Waterloo was to Rothschild, the experts suggest, the Armageddon over yonder, on an infinitely larger scale, will be to Morgan. With the dwindling of fortunes on the continent Morgan is destined soon to become, according to intelligent men, the richest man in the world—riches garnered out of the world war while half a billion of peoples are engaged in the Christian job of converting their slice of the earth into graveyards and their places of abode in city and countryside into charnel houses.

But more of Mr. Morgan later on.

Rising Tide of Unrest.

The immediate concern of this narrative is the industrial situation in the United States.

A cursory investigation of labor conditions in respect to the present inflation of values discloses a general and an obvious unrest of a purely human nature aspect.

It is not plots or bombs or diplomatic

intrigue that the captains of industry fear—it is the grumbling of the workers—the growing demand day by day that the artisans who are making the death dealers for the entente powers be let in—be declared in on the division of the spoils. With few exceptions they have no moral scruples against making shrapnel and high explosives—they demand only their price.

That this momentous question has been of deep concern to the big men in the financial world, as well as to prominent labor leaders, is known.

Conferences have been held both in New York and Chicago of late at which the labor problem was discussed in all its ramifications. Meantime a movement is on in labor circles looking to a general demand for a horizontal raise in wages for all workers in the plants that have munitions—shrapnel, high explosive shells, automobile trucks, harness, saddles, heavy wagons, etc.

Enormous Steel Profits.

The preferred stock of the steel "trust" also is cited. Since the war orders came to Morgan & Co. the preferred stock has increased \$40,531,623 in market value. The combined increase in market value of the common and preferred stock of this corporation alone, due to the war boom, aggregates \$241,946,693—almost a quarter of a billion dollars.

To the workers this indicates that there is great prosperity somewhere beneath the surface for the big men in the Morgan coterie, regardless of whether it shows in the increased net earnings in the actual operations of the plants.

The Pittsburgh district—and Pittsburgh, as Alexander P. Moore, the well known publisher of the smoky town, says, is now working on an efficiency of 125 per cent—is taken as a typical illustration.

Conditions in Pittsburgh.

The Tribune's correspondent in Pittsburgh wires as follows:

"Although plants, iron and steel, electrical, glass, special, or general manufacturing, are busy now where there was idleness before, there has been no change in conditions for the 125,000 workers in the Pittsburgh industrial district in over a year.

"There has been no increase in wages or shortening of hours in plants working on war munitions.

"At plants of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Westinghouse Machine Company, Westinghouse Air Brake Company, and the Union Switch and Signal Company, whose war contracts for shells and shrapnel amount to millions of dollars and call for the operation day and night of the enormous plants just outside Pittsburgh, the work is being paid for on the piece or tonnage basis; increasing the amount the men earn, but at the same time vastly increasing the output.

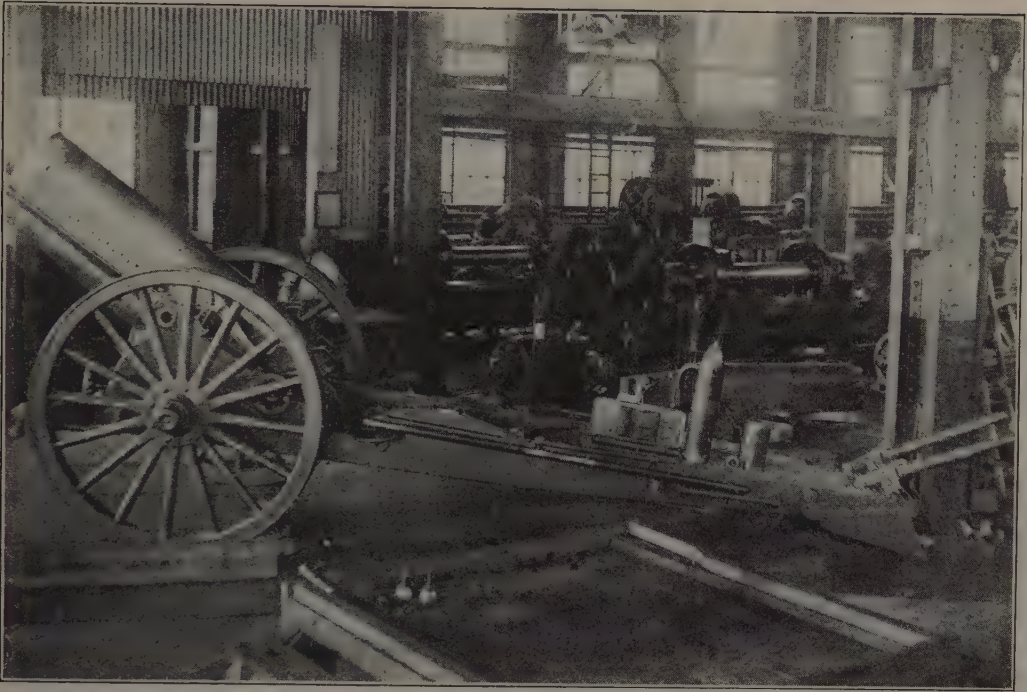
Machinists Earn More.

"Westinghouse employees, of which there are 20,000, get the same pay for the same work as previously, but get more by working longer hours and by working faster. Machinists in the past were paid on an average \$4 a day at the Westinghouse plants. Some got more than this, but many more less. Now a man gets 1 cent apiece for turning down shells. He must turn 400 a day to get his regular \$4. They are doing this, working between ten and eleven hours a day to turn out their 400 shells. Every shell in which there is the slightest defect is cast out and not paid for.

"All plants in this district of the United States Steel Corporation, principally the Edgar Thompson mills, Braddock, where ingots of steel are made from which shells for the allies are shaped, the men, paid on tonnage rates, are speeded up, record runs being made in all departments handling this class of work.

"Premium systems have increased the pay by increasing the output of employees of the Bethlehem Steel Company, South Bethlehem, Pa., Charles M. Schwab's company. Similar bonus, premiums, or other "speeding up" systems are making the semi-monthly pay envelopes larger in all factories working on war orders.

"There is work now where there was idleness, approaching panic times, before. The amount a man of skill or limited skill can earn now is limited only by the length of time he can keep awake. He is getting more money than for years, and therefore is proving difficult proselyting ground.



INTERIOR VIEW OF BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS, WHERE AMERICAN WORKERS ARE MAKING GUNS AND SHELLS TO BE USED IN KILLING OFF THE WORKERS OF EUROPE.

Union organizers are active just now throughout western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia."

Many of the big men in the labor movement have been discussing the situation quite freely, but hesitate just at this time to issue formal statements for public consumption.

A few of the leaders, however, have decided to talk.

Fitzpatrick Gives Labor View.

John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, said:

"When the war broke out the manufacturers in England at once set out to make all they could out of the English government, and at the same time to deny to the workers a share in the spoils. When the workers demanded that they be given a small share of the profits the employers of England at once began to holler 'patriotism.' The workers handed it right back to them. They proposed that if it was entirely a case of patriotism the English munitions manufacturers should deliver their goods to the government at the price it actually cost to produce them, while the men would be willing to work

for their board and keep. In that way, they thought, the patriotism would be equally distributed.

All Demands a "Plot."

"The United States furnishes a parallel case just at this time. The employers could not raise the cry of patriotism when it came to making war supplies for the European nations at war. But they raised the other cry—'spy' and 'plot.' Now every time the workers, particularly in the metal trades, demand a share of the big profits the employers are making on war contracts and threaten to strike if their demands are not honestly and sincerely considered, we are confronted with the spy and plot cry raised from one end of the country to the other.

"What the workers of the United States are getting ready to demand is that in these factories working twenty-four hours a day there shall be three shifts of eight hours and not two shifts of twelve hours, and that the wages, which always are the last to benefit by prosperous times, shall be on a scale half way commensurate with the great wealth that suddenly has come to the manufacturers.

FAR EASTERN IMPERIALISM.

II. CHINA

By S. J. RUTGERS.

China, with its immense population and a surface exceeding that of Europe, has always struck the imagination of European capitalists, and golden dreams were dreamt a long time ago of Chinese possibilities.

However, the results of the opening of China proved rather disappointing and the share of China in the world's trade during the period of commercial colonialism was comparatively small. Even in our days, Chinese commerce per capita is only one-hundredth of that of England and one-sixth of that of Japan.

To understand this, we must bear in mind that importing industrial products in non-capitalistic countries demands that certain conditions be fulfilled. Either must foreign industry be able to produce cheaper than natives can do with their more primitive methods, or new needs must be developed, together with such conditions as to allow people to satisfy those needs.

Historical development in China, however, has brought about such a degree of intensified labor and reduced needs, that only the recent Japanese cheap-labor-industry has some chance in competing with Chinese handcraft. And as to the developing of new needs, this means the bringing about of a revolution in an economic system, crystallized during centuries. The large majority of Chinese population, being small farmers, living in such wretchedly poor conditions we cannot even imagine,* it proved to be a gigantic task to bring those people into contact with the world market, and to make money a predominant feature in their economic life. Of course, it must be understood that in the cities near the coast and among wealthy Chinese, there has been an increasing trade, but this did not affect the whole. To reach the interior it was not only necessary to construct better roads and other means of access, but the whole economic and governmental system had to be reorganized.

Commercial methods could perhaps perform this in the course of centuries, but such an evolutionary way is not to the taste of profit-hungry capitalism, unless it is preaching to labor. Moreover, this gradual development would bring foreign capitalism into a deadlock, on account of the fact, that together with the import of industrial products from Europe, there is already the beginning of a Chinese industry. There are to be found factories for the production of paper, glasswork (especially bottles and very cheap lamp glasses), matches, soap, candles, cigarettes, oil, flour, cement, leather, etc. And besides these smaller industries, there are already more than thirty cotton mills, large plants for making tea bricks, ironworks, chemical industries, etc., producing partly for export.

I recently visited a tea brick factory in Hankow, with 2,000 laborers, turning out 16 millions of bricks every year, the total export from Hankow being about 70 millions English pounds. Conditions of labor, of course, were very poor. I noticed a large number of children working in the hot atmosphere of this factory and in a corner on the floor there were sleeping numbers of people, who remain in this hell day and night to earn about eight or ten cents a day. In the Hanyang iron and steel works the earnings were almost double those in the tea brick factories, but still this must seem a paradise to American capitalists. Those Hanyang steel works are able to produce 100 tons of rails, beams, etc., each day, and are under Chinese management. Most of the foreign engineers left during the revolution and did not return without causing trouble to business. During my visit in the beginning of this year a new furnace was being built and projects were made to build an additional plant at Shi Hui Yao, seventy miles below Hancow, near the place where iron ore is found in exhaustible quantities.

All this is only a beginning, but it shows that application of the old com-

*See *Village Life in China*, by A. H. Smith, 1899.

mercial methods will gradually develop China to Chinese capitalism and will not give to Europe and America the big profits that are expected. It was the capitalist disappointment in recognizing these facts that caused the cry about a "yellow danger" some twenty years ago, and new methods were practiced. Japan, the land of the rising sun, being young and without troublesome traditions, was the first to take an aggressive policy in declaring war, but after having been successful, the other "interested" nations told Japan to keep hands off. They all began this most disgusting struggle for railroad and other concessions, using all methods of corruption to get a greater share of influence. England most seriously threatened with war and claimed the highly valuable Yang-tse-Kiang valley as its sphere of influence. Russia in the north, France in the south and Germany from Kiautchow, join in the effort to swallow the yellow dragon. The first to destroy the peace among the robbers was Japan in its successful effort to check Russia in its progression. The result of Japan in 1905, however, caused a mighty uprising of the self-consciousness of the Chinese people, especially among the Chinese intellect and the Chinese merchants. There springs up a mighty opposition against giving concessions to strangers and the general unrest among those Chinamen who see the danger of being swallowed by western capitalism reached such dimensions that it became one of the principal causes for the revolution of 1911.

When, for instance, in 1907, the Chinese government made a contract with the "British and Chinese corporation" to build a railroad from Shanghai to Ningpo, the population opposed it and an offer was made to the central government to raise the money among Chinese people from all different classes, there came cablegrams to protest. Many officials offered to give part of their salary. Every city in this part of China held large meetings; even the street girls of Hanchow brought together a sum of \$1,000—and the total of the subscriptions reached the amount of 20 millions of American dollars. When, notwithstanding this result, the contract with the English corporation was approved by the central government, the

desperation was general. A Chinese engineer named Tang Sin refused to take any food and died, a student died of wrath and several other persons committed suicide, a form of strong protest that is only known in China.

We may learn from this and similar events that the opposition against European aggression became a general feature. It even was successful in so far that after the Japanese-Russian war hardly a single railway concession was given to strangers. But the government needed money and so there was a new chapter in Chinese foreign relations, in which the European and American rivals, by all means of diplomacy and bribery, try to get a share in the lending of money to China. In return they ask securities, which means economic influence. Some efforts of the Chinese imperial government to make reforms result in more robbery on the part of the mandarins, higher taxes and little effect. No wonder the opposition was growing, and although it was most popular among the intellectuals and bourgeois, it reached deeply into different classes and so made possible a revolution, capable of crushing the old corrupt government.

However, this revolution did not change in any fundamental way the economic conditions of China, and Yuan Shi Kai remains as before dependent upon western finance.

The European war may give a handicap to Chinese capitalism, but Japan had already taken its chance and nothing indicates a development of Chinese capitalism to such a degree as that it could resist foreign aggression in due time. One of the European war parties being successful, they will use the situation also to extend their influence in China; the war being a draw, most probably will mean that the next imperialistic war will decide upon China, and no doubt America will take part in this struggle.

For we must clearly see that this is not some special policy of one or another aggressive government, but the result of a historical situation; on the one hand, the old European capitalism, to which American capitalism is joining, developed to such a degree that it cannot use its accumulated capital at home without a fall

of the profits; on the other hand, the pre-capitalistic countries in which European commerce brings about the beginning of national capitalism, which means a future menace to European and American profits. The existing international capitalism must try to keep things as long as possible in their own hands and each nation is interested in getting the most of it. It must be clear that this policy means bankruptcy as well, only with a certain delay, but there has always been shown much energy in postponing one's own death sentence.

The old and new imperialists in the different Socialist parties will tell you that "We must go through it." But there is no economic necessity to enforce the development of those foreign countries by violence, only to hasten a process that

is already growing; and there is no Socialist necessity, either, the technical development and organization of the principal industries in Europe and America being sufficient to form the basis of a Socialistic commonwealth. And even if it should prove to be a historical necessity, we will have to go through it fighting to our utmost against this new and most disgusting form of capitalism. This is a condition to enable us to fulfill our own historical task in Socialism, and at the same time it will be the direct result from the terribly bad conditions that will be put upon labor during this period of imperialism, the beginning of which has already brought so much despair.

The sooner we recognize the new situation, the greater chance we will have to enforce our own solution of the problem.

THE MUNITIONS OF WAR ACT, 1915

By LAWRENCE WELSH

BY far the most important occurrence in the world of labor during the past few months has been the passing of the Munitions Act. It is not too much to say that the fundamental principles of Trade Unionism are involved in the ideas back of this act, and that the uncompromising acceptance of the act by the workers would have meant that the spirit of the Trade Union movement was dead. It may, therefore, be of interest to American readers to learn something of the nature and working of the act in question.

The act deals with two main questions, the prevention of labor disputes and the limitation of profits in munitions of war factories. Part I is concerned with the prevention of labor differences, and applies to the whole industry of munitions manufacture; it may be extended by Royal Proclamation to any industrial concern, and use was made of this power in the case of the South Wales mining industry. In Part II are introduced the new ideas of the "controlled establishment" and the limitation of profits.

First of all, in regard to the whole of the munitions industry, must be noted the

introduction of compulsory arbitration; no employer may declare a lockout, nor an employe a strike, unless the point of difference has been referred to the Board of Trade and a judgment has not been given by arbitrators within 21 days. Since such judgment would be given in every case, the effect of this provision is to deprive the men of the right to strike; moreover, the decision of an arbitrator is binding, under severe penalties.

Munition tribunals are to be set up to consider alleged offenses under the act and to inflict penalties both on workmen and on employers. For contravention of an arbitrator's award, the tribunal may impose a fine not exceeding £5 per day for each day during which the contravention continues and, if the offender is an employer, £5 per day for each workman concerned. The same fines may be imposed on workers striking, or on employers causing a lockout, without the prescribed preliminaries having been observed. Penalties may also be imposed for offenses in connection with the limitation of profits and for some other offenses.

The arrangements made under the act

for limiting profits in munitions factories are far less drastic and less likely to be effective than those dealing with labor. It is clear, in fact, that the government was forced to insert clauses dealing with this question in order to enlist the workers' sympathy by creating an impression that the employers were also making sacrifices in the national cause. Profits are to be limited only in certain factories, selected by the minister of munitions, which are to be called "controlled establishments." These establishments are to be subject not only to limitation of profits in accordance with the scheme outlined below, but also to certain special arrangements in regard to the conditions of labor. All profits exceeding by one-fifth the normal profits are to be paid into the exchequer; normal profits being regarded as the average for the two financial years preceding the outbreak of the war. So far as labor is concerned, further restrictions are to be imposed on workers in controlled establishments. No change in rates of wages or other conditions of employment may be effected unless the minister of munitions gives his consent to such change, or, if he withhold his consent, without a favorable award from a duly appointed arbitrator. It is made an offense under the act to employ any person who has left work at a controlled munitions factory without the consent of his employers or of the local munitions tribunal. So that a man may not only be unable to secure changes in the conditions of his employment, but he also has no power to leave the job with which he is dissatisfied. Any Trade Union rule or custom which tends to restrict output must be suspended in a controlled establishment, any question whether a particular rule has such a tendency being decided by the Board of Trade.

The position of the so-called "voluntary" workers perhaps calls for special mention. They are men who voluntarily register themselves with the munitions authorities and render themselves available to work on war material at any necessary place. Such men enter into an agreement to place themselves at the disposal of the munitions authorities, and failure to comply with their undertaking renders them liable to a penalty under

the act. They are to be used in controlled establishments where the supply of labor is insufficient for the needs. In effect, they are to constitute a permanent army of blacklegs, ready to work at any job in any circumstances. The material side of their position is sufficiently favorable; their rates of pay are to be at the customary level for their trade in the town in which they are actually working, and adequate allowance is to be made for traveling expenses and for subsistence when away from home.

The wording of the act in connection with the limitation of profits is significant. Section 5 (1) contains the phrase, ". . . the amount of profits *divisible* under the act . . ." It is clear that, though huge profits may be made, they need not now be *divided* among the shareholders, but may be put into the company's reserve fund. The endless resources of up-to-date bookkeeping will doubtless furnish further means of evading the spirit of the act, for settling the actual amount of the "normal" profits will be an affair in which the government assessor will be largely in the hands of the employers. It should also be noted that the last few years have been ones of great prosperity in the engineering trades, so that the prospect of 20 per cent over the profits of the last few fat years suggests little in the nature of a sacrifice. In actual practice, up to the time of writing (August) no firms appear to have been declared controlled establishments, principally, it is understood, because of the difficulty of determining the normal rate of profits.

So far as the general structure of the act is concerned, it would be difficult to speak too strongly of the action of the government and the Trade Union leaders who are supposed to have advised the government in allowing such an anti-labor bill to become law. The scheme was prepared and the whole matter rushed past the assembled leaders and the House of Commons without adequate time for discussion or for the views of the labor world to become known. Only a few labor members (notably Mr. Philip Snowden) opposed the bill, and the Labor party officially supported the chancellor.

The introduction of compulsory arbitration is the worst feature of the act, and the labor movement owes everlasting honor to the miners and the cotton operatives, who stood out against this iniquitous provision.

It has been asked whether any satisfactory alternative method was open to the government of increasing the output in munitions factories. The obvious answer is that the factories should have been taken over by the state and run as a sort of co-operative scheme between the government and the Trade Unions concerned. With the abolition of profiteering in the

nation's supreme need and the conferring of corporate responsibility on the workers whose labor is the nation's chief asset, all fear of labor disputes would have disappeared and an adequate supply of munitions been assured. For what compulsion can never do, namely, increase men's willingness to work, can be done by applying the democratic principle to industrial relationships. If labor knew that it was looked up to by the nation as its mainstay in this crisis, its efforts to help the national cause would be doubled and the pettifogging methods of individualistic industry would die the death they deserve.

GOOD MONEY AND A BAD WOMAN

By HARRISON GEORGE

BY the feeble radiance of a small oil lamp perched atop a be-whittled cheap desk in what passed for the office of a dingy frame rooming-house, in a small Wyoming town we shall call Cody (as that was its name); the woman in the case, whom we shall call Katie Primm (as that was her name), and the writer, sat chatting as we passed the time away with a friendly game of "pitch."

Katie was not of prepossessing appearance, nor were her intellectual attainments attractive, either in quantity or quality, while her past winsomeness of feature and form were sadly corroded by sundry encounters with cowboys, sheep-herders, preachers, bartenders, bankers, etc., at so much per encounter, in the days that are now history in the great West.

When the merchant's and banker's wives pass "Katie's place" they elevate noses in conscious superiority, yet the banker or merchant passing Katie doff their hats deferentially, as Katie still hangs to the coin accumulated by social effort in past years and has social credit parallel with her deposits at Charley Parks', the banker.

Her language, more fitted to the saloon than the salon, figured in an illuminating discourse concerning the war.

"D'ye know, George, 't's a damn shame that us Western people shud hev a thing t' do with sendin' our horses t' Urope so's them kings can kill 'em off 'long with their poor soldiers?"

"Jus' th' other day a friend o' mine tipped me off t' a chance t' buy a buncha cayuses offa some ol' fool up in th' mountains thet didn't know about th' war an' th' way it's sendin' hoss flesh up.

"D'ye know I could 'a' got them there ponies an' sold 'em three thousand clear t' thet French horse-buyer thet wus in here. An' I never thinks, ye know, 'n' so I goes t' Charley Parks an' sez. 'Charley, I want t' draw ten thousan' dollars in bills so's I can buy some ponies,' an' he sez, 'Alright, Katie.' An' I takes thet wad 'nd goes in a car way up n th' hills where this ol' duffer lives an' makes a bargain with 'im an' he goes out t' round 'em up. Well, sir, when he come in at last, I was a-watchin' fer him comin' down th' mountain, an', by God, here they come a-streamin' through th' coulee: blacks, bays an' pintos, wild as hell, heads up an' a-snortin', tails a-plume an' manes jest a-glistenin' in the sun! Jesus! they were pretty! An' I jest said, 'You damned wil' little beauties, I can't sen' you t' no war.'

"So I drives back t' town an' throws th' bills t' Charley an' sez, 'I don't want no money sellin' ponies inta hell!' And Charley sez, 'Umph, guess there's plenty people not so particular.' An' I sez, 'Let 'em take it, damn 'em; my conscience's clear.' An' out I goes, an' I think it's a damn shame that we—"



SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES.

4. Useful and Vestigial Instincts

Useful instincts are instincts which we need in our business. They are the urges in our nature which cause us to go in the directions which are of advantage to us. Every animal has to do certain things in order to live and perpetuate its species. And the urges or inclinations which cause an animal to do what it should do are the *useful* instincts. Anything that an animal does that is not useful or advantageous is *vestigial*.

I was raised on a farm. One of the things that used to puzzle me as a boy was, I remember, the fierce nature that cows, horses, sheep and other domesticated animals showed at the time young were born to them. We would go out to the barnyard some morning and find a cow with a young calf. She may have been the gentlest cow on the place and one that ordinarily we could do anything with. But when she had a young calf, look out. She was a different creature. Cows vary a good deal in this respect, but nearly all of them, at such times, show some disposition to attack anything or anybody that comes too near their young.

I don't think, as a boy, I ever wondered *why* cows were this way. I didn't know enough. It merely seemed strange that a being would change so over night.

If I had asked any of the people who lived about there why cows were this way they would probably have told me that it was "just natural." That is what we often say when we are asked about something we don't understand, and we

don't want to admit that we don't understand it.

But *everything is natural*. There is nothing really that is not natural, that is, not a *part of nature*. There is also an explanation for everything, if we can only find out what it is. And one of the things that you should get an early grip on and a good grip on is this fact—that *there is a reason for everything*. One of the chief delights of the intellectual life is the joy of rooting around in this complicated world and turning up the causes of things.

Whenever you see an animal or a plant or a human being that has any peculiarity of form, or color, or shape, or size, or disposition, or habit, you may *know* that there has been *something* in the past life of that individual or in the life of the species to which it belongs that has produced that peculiarity. There was a time when the peculiarity did not exist; there was a time it came into existence, and there were certain circumstances back there in the past somewhere which formed that peculiarity and fastened it upon the individual or species.

Domesticated cattle have come from wild cattle. And wild cattle live in a very different world from the one that domesticated cattle live in. They live among the forests and on the prairies, surrounded by wolves and bears and other animals that are *enemies* to them. Like all other animals, wild cattle are adapted to the world they live in. They have the kind of body that they need to enable them to exist, and they are provided with instincts

pushing them this way and that and causing them to do the things they need to do in order to survive. They have large bodies and big, powerful muscles. They have on their heads weapons of defense in the form of horns. And wild cattle wouldn't last long in a world of wolves and bears without these weapons of defense.

One of the most important instincts in these wild races is the instinct to protect their young. A young calf, when it first comes into the world, is almost as helpless as a human baby in a cradle. And if there were not *some one* to take an interest in it and defend it, in a world where a hundred hungry mouths are ready to eat it up, the species would not last long. Infancy is the time of greatest mortality in all animals, including man. And those species have survived and prospered that have saved their young. And so, in many animals, generally in the mother, there has been implanted the instinct to love and protect the young of the species. This instinct has been developed in the mother rather than in the father, because the mother is usually the only one present at the birth of the young. When a wild cow is to give birth to young, she retires to some secret and hidden place, away from the highways of the wolves and bears; and this in itself is in part protective. And the domestic cow hides her calf in the same way. She goes away alone to the most remote part of the pasture when she gives birth to young.

This instinct in the cow to hide her young and defend it in its hour of helplessness, so useful in the wild state, is not only useless but absurd in domesticated

cattle living in barns and pastures where there is not a wolf or bear within a hundred miles. It is like horns. Weapons of defense are indispensable to beings living in a world that is swarming with enemies. But horns are useless to domesticated cattle. They are worse than useless. Domesticated cattle would be better off without horns than with them. Horns are often amputated by man.

All domesticated animals have come from wild animals. Their surroundings have been much changed, much artificialized, by domestication. They do not need to do the same things in human fields and pastures and barns and homes that they used to do in the wild life among the hills, forests and prairies. Hence they have many instincts that are no longer useful to them but which survive, like the ear muscles and vermiform appendix in man, and like horns in domesticated cattle. They are *vestigial* instincts—instincts which were once useful, but which, owing to changes in surroundings, are no longer useful and are now in the act of slowly passing away.

5. Vestigial Instincts in Man

Man also was once a wild animal. We are domesticated animals, we higher peoples of the earth, or partially domesticated at any rate. All higher peoples have come from savage peoples. And if you trace savages back you will find that they have come from still more savage and animal-like ancestors. The savage is the common ancestor of all higher men. And it is not possible to understand the things higher men do nor to account for the things that you find in their natures, unless you recognize the fact that higher



THE MOTHER INSTINCT.

men are merely savages made-over and only partially changed.

"Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar underneath," some one has said. The Tartars were the wild men from whom the Russians have come. And the saying, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar underneath," means that Russians are Tartars, except for a very thin layer on the outside.

It is the same with all the higher peoples of the earth. Civilization is only a skin. The great core of human nature is barbaric. Humanity is only a habit—hardly a habit, even, for we find it to be one of the easiest things to lapse into the old, savage ways of thinking and feeling and acting. You cannot go very deep into even the highest men until you come to something so uncomplimentary that it has to be kept carefully in the background. If we were transparent and could look into each other and see all the thoughts and feelings that come and go in our innermost beings, we would then know much better than we do now what plated beings we really are and how much more shining and attractive we are on the outside than we are on the inside.

Human beings are not children of the sun. They are children of the jungle. We have in our natures many things that we would be a great deal better off without—instincts and ways of acting which we would never have included in ourselves in the world if we had had the privilege of choosing just what was to go into our natures. These instincts and ways of acting are *vestigial*. They are useful to our ancestors, but owing to changes in surroundings they are not useful to us.

Savage peoples live in a different world from the world that higher peoples live in, and they do very different things from what higher peoples do. The savage is a child of nature. He lives much as other wild animals live. He has no domesticated plants nor animals. He lives on the wild world. He hunts and fishes and fights for a living. He wanders about in small bands or tribes, maintaining himself by almost constant war with other tribes. He is ignorant, superstitious and poor. He leads a hand-to-mouth existence. Life is filled with dangers, fears and adventures. The moral law of the savage is

the law that *might makes right*—the law that prevails among the fiercer orders of animal life everywhere.

The savage is adapted to the world in which he lives. He has the kind of body that he needs, and he has the instincts driving him to do the things he needs to do in order to maintain himself in the world.

The higher races of men have left the wild world of their ancestors. They live for the most part in an artificial, man-made world. Their occupations are peaceful. They are grouped into great cities and states and maintain vast industries of agriculture, grazing, manufacturing, mining and commerce. Life is *co-operative*. Knowledge and wealth have accumulated enormously. Monogamy and more or less settled family relations have displaced the promiscuity of the savage and the animal. And, most important of all, the *Golden Rule* as a moral standard and ideal is beginning to take the place of the savage standard of *Might*.

Hence the higher races have in their nature many instincts and ways of acting that are no longer useful to them. These instincts are *survivals* from our savage ancestors. They survive for the same reason that horns survive in domesticated cattle, and eyes in cave fishes, and ear muscles in man. They have gone out of use, but not long enough ago for them to have gone out of existence.

Vestigial instincts are like the silent letters of words and the obsolete words of languages. As a rule, every instinct was once useful, just as every letter and every word was once useful. Words come and go—new ones are coined and old ones pass away—and so do organs and instincts and beliefs and customs and institutions. We live in a world of changes and adaptation—a world of shifting styles in *everything*.

The vestigial instincts which survive in the natures of higher peoples from their savage ancestors are one of the chief causes of the immorality of higher peoples.

You have heard of "original sin." What we call "original sin" is merely the name we give to the wrong-going caused by the vestigial instincts of our nature. We go wrong because we are driven in wrong ways by the left-over instincts of our an-

cestors. It has been said that the human heart is the gladiatorial arena of gods and beasts—the *gods* representing those higher, better and more civilized, but newer instincts of our nature, and the *beasts* representing those lower, older and more animal-like impulses which tend ever to drag us down. It is of the utmost importance that these things should be understood. For our success as civilized beings and our right to be regarded as members of civilized society depend on the degree of ascendancy which we enable the higher and better parts of our nature to achieve over the lower. Our degree of civilization depends on how frequently we enable the gods in our nature to come out on top.

6. The Instinct of Fear

This is one of the oldest instincts of this world. It existed long before man and was inherited by him from pre-human ancestors. Fear first appears somewhere near the worm stage of animal development, and is found in all animals above this stage. Fear is the instinct to shrink from danger or enemies. It is the retreating or fleeing instinct. The lowest animals, those below the worms, are more or less indifferent in the presence of enemies. They act about the same towards enemies as toward friends. But higher animals are more discriminating. The instinct of fear causes them to promptly retreat from the presence of dangerous individuals. The instinct of fear brings a great improvement in animal behavior. It gives to those who have it a great advantage in the struggle for life over those who do not have it. It is natural to expect fear to appear very early in a world filled as full of danger and enemies as this world is.

Fear is aroused by the same beings that arouse the fighting instinct. Whether we run or fight in the presence of an enemy depends on circumstances—depends on our judgment as to which activity would be the most profitable in the end. When we come into the presence of an enemy we are impelled either *toward* the enemy by the fighting feeling or driven *away* from the enemy by the feeling of fear. But the two feelings are entirely different from each other, even though they may be aroused by the same object.

The world of early man was full of dangers and enemies. These enemies were not only far more numerous than now, but relatively much stronger. For man originally was entirely unarmed; and for many thousands of years after he began to invent weapons he was much more poorly equipped than now. The progress from savagery to civilization is characterized by nothing more marked than *by the decrease in occasions for fear*.

Have you ever noticed a bird eating, or drinking, or taking its bath? It takes a bite and then looks around. Then it will take another bite and look again. It is always on the lookout for enemies. It almost sleeps with one eye open. It is pursued always by a pitiless state of *fear*. All wild animals have enemies, and they are able to maintain themselves in the world only by constant vigilance. Mr. Galton says that "every antelope in South Africa has literally to run for its life every day or two on an average, and that it starts or gallops under the influence of alarm many times in a day." Many animals that live in flocks or herds have developed the practice of having certain individuals in the group act as sentinels while the rest are eating or sleeping.

Men originally lived in this state of constant fear. They were always in danger of running into enemies of some kind—not only during their wanderings by day, but especially at night when they slept. The savage is always suspicious, always in danger, and always on the watch. He can depend on no one, and no one can depend on him. He expects nothing from his neighbor, and does unto others as he believes they would do to him if they got a chance. "The life of the savage," says Lubbock, "is one long anxiety, one long scene of selfishness and fear."

Today we sit down to our meals or lie down to sleep at night without a thought that we will be attacked before we get through eating or sleeping. Thousands and millions pass their entire lives without much real occasion for fear—except from microbes, which are generally invited by slipshod ways of living.

Loud and sudden noises startle us, merely because we have the nervous machinery which was manufactured to fit

a world where loud and sudden noises meant real dangers. When we hide somewhere and jump out suddenly and seize some one, especially if our appearance is accompanied by a loud noise, our victim is certain to go through the emotional performance of one who has been really ambushed. And the fact that we enjoy going through the motion of ambushing some one that way is in itself a survival from the days when the ambush was the most common form of attack on others. Such make-believe attacks are successful because men still have to a certain extent the instincts of those who in times gone by responded to real attacks of that kind.

Black things, and especially dark places, such as caves, and even darkness in general, tend to cause in us the feeling of fear. We are afraid of these things even when we *know* they contain no element of danger. But to the savage the cave was a lair, and darkness was a great big abyss filled with all sorts of things with teeth. When the sun goes down with us we turn on the lights and prolong the day, indoors and outdoors; but when the sun went down on the savage his eyes went out.

The fear which comes upon us in being "lost" is largely vestigial. A *lost* savage was in real danger. He was the legitimate prey of anybody or anything that came upon him. But being "lost" in a city or in a wood is much less serious than our feelings indicate. We feel much as we used to feel when being "lost" *was* dangerous. In all animals that live in

groups (*gregarious* animals) there is an aversion to being alone. A writer says of the half-wild cattle of South Africa: "Although the ox has apparently little affection for or interest in his fellows, he cannot endure separation from his herd. If he is separated from it by force he shows every sign of mental agony. He strives with all his might to get back. And when he succeeds, he plunges into the middle of the herd and fairly bathes himself in the feelings of companionship."

The fear of ghosts, goblins and graves is a survival from the time when men supposed that about all of the evils of life, even storms, earthquakes and diseases, were caused by evil spirits. Primitive men believed that the spirit of the dead hung around the immediate vicinity of the body for some time after it left the body. We seem to retain some part of this belief in our half-assent to the theory of "haunted" houses and "haunted" cemeteries.

The instinct of fear is a useful instinct wherever life has dangers or enemies. And it is, of course, still useful in many ways to higher peoples. But there is much greater security among higher peoples than among lower peoples, and hence many occasions for fear have passed away. The vestigial forms of the fear instinct manifested by higher peoples are: (1) starting at loud or sudden noises, (2) fear and suspicion of strangers, (3) fear and repulsion for snakes, etc., (4) fear of darkness, (5) fear of being alone, and (6) fear of ghosts and graves.



JOE HILL TO THE PEOPLE OF UTAH

The Board of Pardons of the State of Utah met in special session on Saturday, September 18, to consider the appeal of Joseph Hillstrom for a pardon or commutation of sentence.

Thousands of letters, telegrams and petitions had been received by the board on behalf of the condemned man.

The appeal was made by Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver. Hillstrom closed his address to the board in the following words: "The cause I stand for means more than any human life—much more than mine."

The Board of Pardons denied the application for clemency. Joe Hill will be shot at sunrise Friday, October 1.



JOE HILL.

THE main and only fact worth considering, however, is this: I never killed Morrison and do not know a thing about it.

He was, as the records plainly show, killed by some enemy for the sake of revenge, and I have not been in this city long enough to make an enemy. Shortly before my arrest I came down from Park City, where I was working in the mines. Owing to the prominence of Mr. Morrison, there had to be a "goat," and, the undersigned being, as they thought, a friendless tramp, a Swede and, worst of all, AN I. W. W., had no right to live anyway, and was therefore duly selected to be the "goat."

There were men sitting on my jury, the foreman being one of them, who were never subpoenaed for the case. There are errors and perjury that are screaming to high heaven for mercy, and I know that I, according to the laws of the land, am entitled to a new trial, and the fact that the supreme court does not grant it to me only proves that the beautiful term, "equality before the law," is merely an empty phrase in Salt Lake City.

Here is what Judge Hilton of Denver, one of the greatest authorities on law, has to say about it:

"The decision of the supreme court surprised me greatly, but the reason why the verdict was affirmed is, I think, on account of the rotten records made by the lower court."

This statement shows plainly why the motion for a new trial was denied and there is no explanation necessary. In conclusion, I wish to state that my records are not quite as black as they have been painted.

In spite of all the hideous pictures and all the bad things said and printed about me, I had only been arrested once before in my life, and that was in San Pedro, Cal. At the time of the stevedores' and dock workers' strike I was secretary of the strike committee, and I suppose I was a little too active to suit the chief of that burg, so he arrested me and gave me thirty days in the city jail for "vagrancy"—and there you have the full extent of my "criminal record."

I have always worked hard for a living and paid for everything I got, and my spare time I spend by painting pictures, writing songs and composing music.

Now, if the people of the State of Utah want to shoot me without giving me half a chance to state my side of the case, then bring on your firing squads—I am ready for you.

I have lived like an artist and I shall die like an artist.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH HILLSTROM.

Workers of the World Awaken

JOE HILL.

Workers of the world, awaken!
Break your chains, demand your rights.

All the wealth you make is taken
By exploiting parasites.
Shall you kneel in deep submission
From your cradles to your graves?
Is the height of your ambition
To be good and willing slaves?

If the workers take a notion,
They can stop all speeding trains;
Every ship upon the ocean
They can tie with mighty chains.
Every wheel in all creation,
Every mine and every mill,
Fleets and armies of the nation,
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow-workers,
Men and women, side by side;
We will crush the greedy shirkers
Like a sweeping, surging tide.
For united we are standing,
But divided we will fall;
Let this be our understanding—
"All for One and One for All."

Workers of the world, awaken!
Rise in all your splendid might;
Take the wealth which you are making,
It belongs to you by right.
No one will for bread be crying,
We'll have freedom, love and health
When the grand Red Flag is flying
In the workers' commonwealth.

A BIG VICTORY

WHEN we reported on the strike of the Welsh miners last month, we did not realize what a big victory they had won for the British working CLASS. We knew that the Munitions Law was intended to prevent the miners from striking during the war, but we were not aware that it was merely the opening wedge of the English capitalist class to rob the workers of all the rights they have gained during the past years to strike when they choose, to quit work when they wish and to organize industrially to benefit their working conditions.

The last number of the *Plebs Magazine*, published by the Central Labor College, in England, informs us that this was the Capitalist intention. The law was rushed into effect during the war in order to coerce the British workers into submitting to it. The capitalists realized that if the workers had the temerity to strike during the war, they would be universally reviled and dishonored by the patriotism-mad mob.

When the law was passed the miners were duly notified that they would not be permitted to go out on strike, as they had notified the mine owners they intended to do upon a certain date. Any miners who defied the law were to be fined \$25.00 a day while "out" and sentenced to a term in prison.

The gage of battle had been flung down. If the Welsh miners permitted the British capitalists to "get away" with this colossal bluff, it would be ten times harder to arouse the workers to a spirit of rebellion later on. Besides the men would be more likely to win a strike during the war than after the war.

Every year for the past decade some of the advanced trade unions have been sending one or two union men to take up a course at the Central Labor College and there they have been taught the principles of scientific socialism and have been educated in the laws of modern science.

The teachers at the Central Labor College thoroughly trained the students in theoretical socialism and every event in

the world of labor was discussed and tactics planned and worked out to help the working class in its struggle for emancipation. As the students were from the industrial working class, the questions they propounded were naturally of an economic or industrial nature. The work of the college was never permitted to be sidetracked by politics, compromises or reforms. It was kept strictly on the class struggle basis and every measure discussed, every form of organization studied, was considered only in the light of their value to the working class movement.

Several men who were prominent in the Welsh miners' organization had been students of the Central Labor College before they returned to the mines. They saw at once how important was the position of the Welsh miners when the British conspiracy against labor was revealed. They knew that the miners could not only win a victory for themselves, but could hurl the law into the face of the British Government and make it the laughing stock of the whole nation, and so the 200,000 Welsh miners went out on strike, defied the Government and rendered the Munitions Act a dead letter.

If this were the single accomplishment of the Central Labor College it would be enough, but this is only one of the many things—big things—it has been able to do during its years of service. In thinking over the events of the last few years, it occurs to us that we have never known the Central Labor College to fail the working class, to be led astray or to be side-tracked on futile reforms or compromise.

Neither Prof. George Sims nor Dennis Hurd, for so long identified with the work of the College, ever forgot for one moment that it *was* a Labor College. They secured the interest and the co-operation of the trade unions and its members were from the ranks of the actual industrial workers, who cooked their own meals, washed dishes, made beds and scrubbed floors in order to keep down expenses at

the College. This naturally kept it a thoroughly proletarian institution.

We think there has been no other work done like that of the Central Labor College. No panic, no gaudy political victory, no reform dreams, not even the war-madness that rages over Europe today, were able to swerve the College and its teachers from their loyalty to the interests of the working class of the world. The shallow cries of patriotism failed to move them. They determined to fight only the battles of the working class against the exploiting class.

And this is the sort of education that enabled the Welsh miners to defy the British Government and infuse new militancy into the hearts of the entire British working class. Practical tactics on the field of labor—not in the realm of politics, but in the field of industry—was what the students learned at Central Labor College.

Word comes to us that the Welsh miners and the new National Union of Railwaymen, of England, are now to take over the management of the College and of *Plebs Magazine*, the official organ of that institution. The *Plebs Magazine* says:

"It will be for the members of these two unions to see to it that the institution remains as uncompromisingly PARTISAN, specialized and 'extreme' as the men who founded it intended it to be, and as it has been hitherto. The day when two of the foremost British Trades Unions definitely undertake the responsibility of providing class-education for their members is no unimportant date in the history of Trade Unionism."

Good luck to the unions in this new work! They have a great task before them, and if they fulfill it as well as their predecessors, they may well be proud. It is with pride and joy in the work they have done, and with a choke in our throats, that we see the old guard go. We hope they are to co-operate and help the unions to organize the work for a wider field.

In these grim times, it is good to think of the work of the men who have made the Central Labor College. They have fought the good fight. They have been loyal to the interests of the working class. They have never failed that class in any crisis. May the new management continue the good work. More cannot be asked of any one.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGION

IT was Herbert Spencer who said that the graves of savages became the first altars and their tombs the first temples.

This is true, because primitive man desired to propitiate the spirits of the dead by praise and, at a later date, by prayers and offerings.

Religion has had many definitions, perhaps as many as there have been varying religions, but, historically, the chief characteristic of all religions has been a belief concerning human relations with unseen powers, or spirits, or beings. We will not here discuss the newer and broader interpretations of religion which concern themselves largely with the codes of ethics in the material world in which we dwell. The data we have here gathered is concerned with the general and almost universal conception of religion, as having to do with spirits outside the realm of the materialist world.

And we wish here to call attention to an article on this subject by Edward C. Hayes, published in the July American Journal of Sociology, to which we are indebted for much valuable information on the religions of primitive peoples.

Roughly speaking, the early religions may have originated either through a belief in magic, zoömorphism, which is based upon the premise that every effect implies an actor, and upon ancestor worship.

Primitive man did not know the causes of the effects that concerned him, that aided or injured him, and so he guessed at these things, believed in spirit actors and tried to learn how to placate or appease those which were unfriendly.

For example, the savage is ill and he desires to become well again; he is about to set out on the hunt and he wishes to bring home a young boar. Being ignorant of what *does* affect these events, he imagines

all sorts of strange causes, chiefly among them the active witch, ghost or spirit, god or devil who has power to work him good or ill, success or failure. The more imaginative the savage the more he is able to conceive of harm or good that may be done to him and his.

Not knowing what has caused his disasters and not knowing how to prevent them, he is continually experimenting with offerings, actions, ceremonies to discover the best way for confounding his enemies. Naturally he believes that whatever arrests his *attention* in connection with the result, *caused* it.

It never occurred to the savage mind to ask what *caused* the rain, or the winds and floods, but he questioned, "Who made the moon?" "Who made the flood?" Of causation through evolutionary processes, chemical reactions or combinations he had no ideas.

Of the causes of natural phenomena such as the coming of leaves and buds in spring, the forming of ice, the passing of the seasons, rising of the sun, the moon and the "stars," savages had no conception, but to their untutored intellects wherever there is motion, there must have been one to cause the motion, wherever there is a deed there is also a doer.

Have you ever heard the little children playing about and discussing how "God makes the sun shine," or declaring, "God makes it rain"? Very many older people, who ought to know something about modern science, not only believe these things themselves, but teach them to their children. Zoömorphism is still taught in the public schools of America. Teachers still believe that because wheat ripens and rain falls, and coal is dug from the mines, some acting spirit or god caused these things.

"Belief that man is surrounded by spirits arises not only from the zoömorphic interpretation of natural processes and natural events, but also from belief in the survival of human spirits after the death of the body." (Edward C. Hayes, *American Journal of Sociology*.)

Savages do not regard the death of the body as a termination of life or individuality. This doubt arises later when men have learned more of natural laws.

Savages were often very hard put to distinguish from their dreaming and their

waking moments, but they believed that the dead do not die, for they have seen their dead fathers, their friends and enemies in dreams, speaking, running and hunting just as they did in this life. There were shadows, echoes and visits from the dead, who spoke with men, while the bodies of these men were wrapped in sleep.

And so the savages were firm believers in the spirit world, for having seen the spirits and spoken with them in their dreams, they knew that these things were true. They had no one to correct their belief in the actual reality of dreams. And dreams were doubtless the foundation of their belief in spirits, ghosts, in gods or devils.

Although they had seen them in dreams, the spirits, which were always present, were usually invisible to men. And so the savage tribes spoke no evil of the dead, because the spirit of the dead might listen and take vengeance upon them if they failed in praise of his deeds.

Certain tribes occasionally sought to prevent the escape of the spirit of a dying man, whom its members feared, by strangling him at the hour of his death and closing his throat, which was the real door of the spirit. But often the spirit of such dead men came back to haunt their dreams, so that early man soon discovered that it was a very hard thing to actually injure a spirit, god or ghost. You might eat your enemy on Friday and he might haunt your dreams and dog your footsteps all the rest of your life. Dead would not stay dead.

So it was usually the custom to try to conciliate the ghost. Members of the tribe would gather about the deathbed of the sick person and praise him extravagantly and exhibit signs of deepest mourning at his departure. And these signs of mourning they were careful to continue long after his death in order to prove to his spirit that they actually were utterly miserable at losing so brave a relative or chief.

The weapons of the dead were placed upon their graves and the propitiation of the spirit was sought by praises, prayers for future friendly assistance, and offerings. It was believed that all things had spirits, for instance, the spirit of the young lamb offered to the departed as a burnt sacrifice, would go to the man spirit in the spirit world.

Fire was accounted most effective as a

protection against evil spirits. It comforted men with warmth, cooked their food, melted hard iron and dispelled the darkness. It spread a circle of safety from beasts—why not from spirits also? Peoples in all quarters of the earth have regarded fire, a lamp, a candle, a flame as a source of safety from unseen terrors. Is it not so regarded by children and even men and women today?

Water was also most efficacious in not only cleansing the dirt from the body, but in washing out evil spirits that inhabited or sought to work evil against the body; hence the sprinkling of infants, holy water, and baptism in many ancient forms and present practices. Ancient forms often survive with new interpretations. Sprinkling, baptism and burning candles in churches are illustrations.

Savage tribes often raised the most terrific noises to frighten away the spirits. Tom-toms were beaten, voices were raised and the sick were often made well through the departure of the spirits or devils who were unable to endure the noise.

Mr. Haynes shows that thirteen centuries before Christ, to draw a cross was already a way to make a spirit trap that would catch and hold the invisible being of evil intent. The sign of the cross is still deemed efficacious by many religions.

The sense of mystery always demands strange symbols and often the power man worships or fears assume new forms, doubtless the product of fitful savage dreams.

Believing, as they did, that their parents and other ancestors continued to live in the spirit, after their bodies had been buried, the early savages felt it necessary to propitiate the spirits of these dead. Particularly was this true in regards to great chiefs, whose spiritual powers were usually accredited with being greatly superior to their earthly achievements. Hence the glorifying traditions that grew up about dead chiefs and the rise of altars upon their graves and temples from what had first been only unimposing tombs.

In this way arose the first tribal gods, who took sides in every small and large engagement, and whose powers to aid or injure the people were believed to be limitless.

Some one has said that man creates his god out of his own (man's) image, and this was certainly true of primitive man. Naturally the savage believed that the re-

quirements of his god would resemble the requirements of the chief during his actual life. And they rendered obeisances, adulation and tribute. Later on they spoke of their god, or gods as kings and mighty rulers and fell upon their knees to worship and to pray. And the symbol of sacrifice and the actuality, itself, survives down unto this very day in many churches all over the world.

As long as German militarism and English navalism are still the ideals of the so-called civilized world today, we may still expect to find peoples worshipping a God of War in the churches. Perhaps when democracy shall have become more than a mere catchword, this high-military jehovah will yield before the march of the higher intelligence of man, until the clouds of religion shall have at last have been banished by the life-giving light of modern science.

Early peoples believed that the gods required all that visible rulers commanded. It is easy to understand that in the early days the difference between gods and kings in the ancestor-worshipping people was not very wide; we have progressed little in our own time.

It was doubtless at a very early period that some strong man of the tribe discovered (to his own interest and profit) that he had been chosen of god, or one of the gods, to represent him upon this lowly earth, and it must have been an excellent thing for this first priest or clergyman. He became one of the great men of the people, for he had communion with god and his spirit walked with him and he gave forth the will of god to the tribe.

And you may be sure that this high priest prospered accordingly.

For having the ear of the Most Powerful, as it were, to speak in court phraseology, made the priest himself a person to be fawned upon, placated, bribed and feared. The tenderest part of the joint of the fresh kill was laid at his door; his lands became taboo, that is, untouchable, and his work was performed by menial hands.

We can imagine that the only difficulty the first priest encountered was in the chief of the tribe. But, then, of course, came the next step. The chief, himself, was usually one of the oldest and strongest and wisest men of the tribe, with great powers of his own. Doubtless he saw that the priest, as

interpreter of the commands of the great god, would prove either a serious contender or a worthy ally.

And the tribe, still ignorant of the simplest laws of nature, could be easily imposed upon. At the eclipse of the sun, or after furious flood, or wild tornado, we can imagine the Big Priest had many converts; for he told his children, very plainly, that it was his hand, through the hand of god, which had worked the disasters in order to teach them to fear the great spirit king.

And the tribal chief, if he had harbored any ideas of rebelling against the priest, probably came to terms. Even as late as 1800 the priests of France worked upon the fear of the nobility through their claim to miraculous powers, "obtained from god," and gathered unto themselves so enormous a portion of the wealth of France.

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This short article is merely a brief out-

line for those of our readers who are interested in studying the social evolution of man. To seek out man's earliest conceptions of gods and devils, the rise of the church and the clergy, and to dig out the part religious institutions have played in man's struggle for progress, all down the pages of history, is something that will well repay us all. Classes in the Evolution of Religion would be bound to gain some facts that would be of great benefit to the working class in their war for emancipation.

"With proffered rewards and threatened punishments in this life and continued favor and disfavor in the life to come, religion became a stupendous agency for social control."—Hayes.

(In this connection read Paul Lafargue's "Causes of Belief in God," which appears in his "Social and Philosophical Studies." Cloth, price 50 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co.)

LONG LIVE THE WAR!

By W. STEWART

From Forward, Glasgow.

THE great war has now lasted for a year, and at the end of it Socialists and Pacifists have got to admit that their preconceived theories about war were all wrong. A year of war has proved that war is a good thing, and that all that is needed for the perpetual happiness of the British people is that the war should go on forever. *Vive la Guerre!* Long live the War! What class or section of the community has not prospered through the war? It has been good for the coal-owners; their dividends have gone up and are likely to keep going up. It has been good for the coal merchants; their profits have increased and keep increasing. It has been good for the moneylenders, who are now getting higher rates of interest, secured by Government. It has been good for the farmers; the price of wheat and live stock is high, and the demand greater than the supply. It has been good for the landowners; their rent-tolls are undiminished. It has been good for the armament makers; they have never before had such prosperous times. It has been good for the legislators, whose duties are

now restricted to voting with the Government, taking their holidays and drawing their salaries. It has been good for the working classes; especially and superlatively good for the working classes. Three cheers for militarism! Long live the war!

Has the war been good for the working classes? Who can doubt it? Look at the increased wages, the war bonuses, the steady work, the overtime, with overtime rates of wages. Unemployment has practically disappeared. All able-bodied men, and many who are not able-bodied, can find employment, either as industrial workers or as fighting men. "Not since forty years ago," says a high authority, "have the working classes been so prosperous"; and as that forty years old prosperity coincides with the close of the Franco-Prussian war, is not that another proof that war is a good thing? Pauperism has greatly diminished during one year of war. Now we know how to cure poverty. Give us war for evermore, and there will be no more poverty. Long live the war! were it not for those casualty lists! A thousand British casualties a

day since the war began, including some seventy thousand deaths; giving cause for cynical persons to say that the present strategical strength of Labor is simply due to the killing off of the surplus laborers.

Indeed, that is true; but does it not prove conclusively that war is good for the working classes, regulating labor supply to the advantage of the workers? The bigger the casualty lists the bigger the wages. Long live the war! "But," say the cynical persons, "it is your customers you are killing off. The people who are being killed in all these fighting armies are the consumers of your labor products, whose power to consume constitutes the ultimate effective demand for your labor. Have you considered the future effects of this wholesale slaughter of your customers?" Which shows how ignorant and superficial are these cynical persons, who forget that the people who are being killed in this war are, or were, a year ago, producers as well as consumers, and as every worker produces a great deal more than he can consume, the balance of gain remains on the side of those who have labor to sell; that is, those workers who are left alive. War is good for home industry. Why, look at the timber trade. What with the demand for pit props and the demand for wooden legs, and the closing of the Baltic, the home-grown timber trade is in a most flourishing condition, and afforestation will shortly become a new national industry.

And if the cynicists take us on the other tack, and remind us that the *producers* are necessary to the national prosperity, and that we should not commit national suicide by killing *them* off so indiscriminately as we are now doing, we can only reply that that is an exploded theory. This exceedingly explosive war has exploded the absurd theory that the prosperity of a nation depends upon its power of wealth production.

That is what our employers used to tell us, they, and their paid political economists and newspaper editors. "Produce! Produce!" they said always, "never mind

about the distribution of the product. Keep on producing. The sum total of national wealth-production is the measure of national prosperity. The greater the production, the greater the wages fund." Now they have abandoned that theory. They have found it to be a fallacy. National prosperity depends, not upon the amount of wealth you can produce, but upon the amount of wealth you can destroy, and upon the number of people you can kill. The workers are finding it so. As for the wages fund; well, they are getting their wages, more than ever they got before; so there must be a wages fund somewhere. Perhaps the war loan is the wages fund, and we can keep on going by borrowing from each other. Open your mouths and shut your eyes. It is a good war for the workers. Long live the war! Of course, you must go on producing. You must produce shells, and guns, and high explosives. True, shells are not very nourishing. You cannot eat guns, nor clothe yourselves in high explosives. But here are your wages with which you can buy food and clothing from the merchants at the merchant's price. Aye, there's the rub! At the merchant's price. You yourselves have limited the supplies, and these the merchants have cornered. You preferred to produce guns and shells, rather than food and clothing, and now you are advised to be thrifty and sparing with the food and clothing. And your war wages, like every other product of the war, are turning to dust and ashes in your hands. What will it profit a man to get ten per cent in wages if he has to pay thirty per cent in prices? Still, this is a worker's war. Some of your most infallible Labor leaders have said it. Long live the war! Let no man prate of peace! The Socialists and Pacifists are left without a leg to stand on. The war has crippled them, along with the three hundred thousand other British men. Their occupations are gone.

However, the National Registrar will be getting on their track this week, with the recruiting sergeants behind him, and we shall see what we shall see.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

VI.—Militarism as a Socialist Policy

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

SOCIALISM is at present in a state in which the Hebrew law, it is said, will be with the advent of Messiah: It will be repudiated before it will be fulfilled.

The abandonment of Socialism by German Socialists is as thorough as everything else that Germans do.

It has gone a long way from Socialism and there is no coming back for it.

Comrade Heilman, editor of "Chemnitzer Volksstimme," comparing himself to the Genoese patriot Verrina, who, despairing of the republicanism of the Genoese, repaired to Dodge Andreas, writes:

"Let weaklings go to the International; I go to Hindenburg."

Go to Hindenburg! An admission of complete bankruptcy of the Social Democracy.

Socialist Representative Kolb writes of the new Social Democracy:

"One may think of the opposition of the Liebknecht group whatever one will, yet it cannot be disputed that this group has consistently upheld the traditional policy of the Social Democracy. If, in the face of that, the great majority of the Social Democratic representatives in Reichstag found it necessary to adopt *another* policy, better adapted to actual circumstances and political responsibilities, it must also have the courage to draw therefrom the logical conclusion. The question therefore is, What shall be the attitude of the Social Democracy towards militarism?"

Editor Heilman advocates a complete abandonment of the old fundamentals of Socialism and the adoption of a program of social reform, pure and simple. He is perfectly consistent. In fact, the fundamentals of Socialism were abandoned by German Social Democracy long ago. Now, what Editor Heilman demands is that the Socialist word be squared with the Socialist deed. And he expresses the views of the overwhelming number of Socialists in Germany and elsewhere. It is of no use blinking at this fact. Yet, for old time's sake, the Socialists are likely to

cling to old words and outworn formulas for a long time to come.

Socialism will come; is, in fact, rapidly coming; and the social revolution is at hand; yet the so-called revolutionary Socialism of the old school will play no role in the coming change.

The Socialist program is being adopted by the governments of the world. This speeds the day of the coming of Socialism, yet at the same time blankets the sails of political Socialism from the old winds.

Here is a quotation from an interview with King Alfonso, published in the *Es-paña* review:

"Does not your Majesty think the lower social orders will exercise pressure on the governments to prevent them from increasing the burden of armed peace?" asked the interviewer.

"I think, and you may repeat this," replied the Spanish ruler, "that Socialism will become daily more governmental and that Socialists will obtain satisfaction for their more just aspirations by legal methods without having to use violence; but I think also that as they evolve they will find out that they have been deceived by certain politicians who have made of international pacifism a banner on which they have lived.

"Even the pacifists will recognize after the war that while the instincts of human nature remain unmodified there are no better safeguards for right in international questions than foresight and strength. Besides, after the war, there will be no unemployment. On the contrary, there will be work for all, and it will be necessary work."

We are not in the habit of going for counsel of wisdom to King Alfonso. But he presented in the few words the essentials of the future program of political Socialism: Governmental Socialism, abandonment of internationalism, the maintenance of militarism and security of employment.

The expectations and hopes that the

present doings of German Social Democracy are the result of a temporary aberration and that given time, the German Socialists are bound to turn from their military flesh pots and again worship before the shrine of internationalism, will never be fulfilled.

What the German Social Democracy did, the Socialist parties of all other European countries did, and, given an opportunity, the Socialist parties of the world will do.

The Socialist movement has long before the war abandoned the ideal and embraced the practical. It has turned its back upon the future and made its peace with the present. Utopian! This was the ever handy word with which it branded for discard one after another its traditional principles and ideals. Brotherhood of men; Internationalism; the right to work; the general strike and many other ideals and weapons of the Social Revolution became one after another Utopian.

Socialism has become a movement of timid protest and mild reform. So much so has it become in the United States, for instance, that the Socialist party is frequently outstripped in its demands for social reforms by the Democratic and Republican parties.

The change in the character of the Socialist movement is organic and permanent.

The claim that it will be the main factor in the overthrow of the present system and the establishment of Socialism is baseless. To expect from it a revolutionary act is futile.

This is not said in a spirit of condemnation or even criticism of the Socialist movement. A world-wide phenomenon like the Socialist movement is not amenable to condemnation. It pursues its own course regardless of our will or intention. The Socialist movement may change, but never into what it has once been.

Nor should fault be found with contradiction between this impersonal attitude and the severe strictures heretofore made by me on the leaders of German Social Democracy. The contradiction is only apparent. In pointing out the Social causes of crime, one does not exonerate the criminal.

Nor do I share the view that condemns

the German Social Democracy as the worst Socialist party in the world. I pointed out the peculiar want of international idealism in the mentality of the German; an idealism for which the Frenchmen are particularly noted and to which they have given expression in their passionate phrase, "Liberty, equality, fraternity."

But having pointed out what is worse in the German national character, we must pay a tribute to the depth and preciseness of the German mind. Such devotion to the work in hand; such patience and minutiae of investigation and organization, the world has never witnessed before. And the industrial and political activities of the Germans are unequaled for their integrity and absence of corruption.

There is no Socialist party in the world that is in a position to point with scorn to German Social Democracy. Certainly not the Socialist party of the United States. Compared with German Social Democracy, our Socialist movement is a loose, confused, shapeless mass. Our agrarian program would not pass criticism in Germany. And our ridiculous Section Six would be laughed to scorn in a German Parteitag.

The unconquerable love for the work in hand has given to the Germans the dominant position in the world of industry and politics. The German Social Democracy has spoken and all our anti-militaristic policies and professions were dissipated to the four winds. We are still continuing to repeat with phonographic precision our old phrases and professions, but they sound hollow and insincere.

The pacific propaganda of American Socialists leaves us entirely cold for the reason that American Socialism is, for the nonce, entirely Germanized and this propaganda frequently works directly into the hands of the German official pacifists in America. The official participation of American Socialists in peace-at-any-price gatherings arranged by German propagandists is proof of strong pro-German leanings.

The enthusiasm of the German and Germanized Socialists in the United States for peace-at-any-price, disarmament and anti-militarism would have been more

convincing if the German Socialists would have shown a modicum of the same enthusiasm in Germany. Not until the German Socialists will do something, in their own effective way, to check militarism and navalism in Germany will German Socialists earn the right to be heard for peace in other countries.

The pacifist German propaganda in the United States means this: The German Socialists have helped to build up the most efficient and murderous military machine in Germany, yet they desire the United States to remain unarmed and defenseless, so that Germany may, by use of threats or force, deal with the United States at its will. Germany will be in position, if the German pacifists should have their way, to browbeat the United States in time of peace and smash it to a frazzle in case of war.

The German and Germanized Socialists may find nothing objectionable in such a prospect, but other Socialists may be pardoned if it leaves them in doubt.

What, then, about the traditional anti-militaristic policy of Socialism?

The answer is, The action of German Social Democracy on August 4th, and since, has knocked this, as every other fundamental of the Socialist movement, into a cocked hat. So well has this policy been blown up and dissipated, that not an empty shell remains of it.

The peace-at-any-price propagandists should not be taken seriously as a factor against militarism. They are essentially militant fighters for their cause. They are in league with German militarism and talk peace to all the enemies of this worst foe of peace. They exist only in the United States and they are either of German origin or of German sympathies.

Under the present conditions there are only two attitudes toward militarism that are honest and worthy of being considered by honest men. One is the attitude which says straight out—If you arm, I will arm; if you fight me, I will fight you. The other attitude is of complete non-resistance to force and violence. An attitude of entire surrender; an absolute refusal to take up arms; an unconditional submission to physical oppression, offering only gentle argument and moral suasion in opposition; a readiness to sacrifice life, prop-

erty, and even so-called honor for the ideal of peace and love.

Few men are ordinarily capable of such moral courage and spiritual fortitude. Moved by great passions, the masses are sometimes capable of acts of this nature.

This method of truly direct action is utterly foreign to the Socialist movement. It need not be at all considered in connection with it.

It reminds me of the experience of Comrade Frank Bohn with the New York Call at the time the United States was sending soldiers to Vera Cruz. The Call being at the time temporarily without an editor, Comrade Bohn assisted in its make-up. He thought it a good thing to insert on the front page a notice, framed and in big type, calling upon the soldiers, in very moderate terms, to lay down their arms and "resign." The wholesale "resignation" of English officers sent to suppress the Ulster rebellion was pointed to as a precedent. But the management of the Call got wind of this proposed call for direct action and sat on Comrade Bohn with its corporate body. If I am not mistaken, Comrade Bohn went with his appeal before Local New York, which, in great horror, shooed away Comrade Bohn for an incorrigible direct actionist.

Comrade J. Keir Hardie, Jr., writes to me from Boston:

"The only people who appear to be hiring help (machinists) here are the makers of munitions. Well, I'll dig ditches rather than help make their damned shells."

What Comrade Hardie, Jr., is now practicing is direct action, which is explicitly and strongly condemned by the Socialist party. That Socialists of the loyalty and intelligence of Comrade Hardie are compelled, in despair, to resort to direct action shows strikingly the utter hopelessness of the anti-militarist policy of the Socialist party.

Henceforth organized political Socialism will support militarism and will favor limitation of armaments to no greater extent than capitalism will. And any Socialist who disagrees radically with this program will be better advised to seek a field for his activity outside of the organized Socialist movement.

STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

By MARY E. MARCY

(Note—During the past year or two we have received so many requests for more of Mary Marcy's Stories of the Cave People, some of which appeared in the Review several years ago, that we have decided to publish a new series this fall and winter, reprinting a few of the earlier stories only to show the natural sequence of early discoveries and inventions. The story of the culture of primitive peoples forms the actual early history of mankind. In those days the social life was not complex and it is easy for the young folks to discover in them the relation between cause and effect, to see how every new invention and discovery altered the whole fabric of primitive society and how every primitive social institution had its roots in the discovery of a new tool or weapon or in a new method of providing food or shelter or protection for the early tribes.)

FIRE

NO one among the Cave People knew how to kindle a fire. On several occasions when they found the trees in the forest aflame, Strong Arm had borne back to the Hollow a burning branch. Immediately all the other Cave People were seized with a desire to have torches and they swarmed around the skirts of the blaze and secured boughs also. And on they sped toward home and the Hollow amid roars of laughter and much pride, till the sparks from one of the branches blew into the frowsy hair of the Stumbler and set him aflame.

Instantly all the Cave People dropped their boughs in terror and the Stumbler beat his head with his hand, uttering shrill cries of pain.

Only Strong Arm advanced steadily toward the river, grunting his disgust. "Bah! Bah!" he said many times, spitting the words from his mouth.

Strong Arm was the great man of the tribe. No one among the Cave People could jump so far, or lift so large a rock as he. His back was broader than the shoulders of the other men. His head was less flat, and his eyes were very keen and saw many things.

When they reached the Hollow, Strong Arm gathered dry leaves and sticks and built a huge bonfire upon the rocks. And the Old Woman and Gray Beard came out of their cave to marvel at his work.

The young men brought branches and leaves and fed the flames and when night came on the Cave People sat around the

fire and laughed together. For the wolves came out of their holes and showed their white fangs. And their yellow eyes gleamed through the darkness, but they hovered on the edge of the woods, for they were afraid.

Far into the night the Cave People danced, while the flames from the fire brightened the whole Hollow. They beat their hands together and chanted in two tones from a minor strain, and not till they were worn out with dancing and fuel gathering did they crawl back into their caves.

But in the morning the fire was dead. Grey ashes marked the spot of their gaiety and the Cave People were filled with awe and wonder.

But they learned many things. The next time Strong Arm brought a blazing bough to the Hollow he discovered that the fire burned best when the branches met the face of the wind, and in time they learned to coax the coals to live through the night by covering them carefully with ashes and damp moss. And at last, by watchful care, the Cave People were able to keep the fire burning constantly.

The Cave Women with little children, who were unable to hunt with the men, came in time to be the natural care-takers of the fire.

It was the Foolish One who first, in a fit of wantonness, threw a hunk of bear meat upon the coals, and it was Strong Arm, the wise, who fished it out again. For in those days bear meat was not to be had all the time, and Famine followed close upon the heels of Feasting. Often

a chunk of bear meat was the most precious thing in the world.

Strong Arm ate the steak which he had poked from the coals and he found it delicious. Then he threw more chunks into the fire and gave them to the Cave People. After that every one threw his meat into the flames. By and by they stuck great hunks of raw flesh upon long sticks and broiled them over the fire.

No longer as darkness crept over the world were the Cave People forced into their Caves for safety. Secure around the fire they danced and chanted rude measures wherein they mocked their enemies, the mountain lion and the grey wolves, who came forth in the night and watched them hungrily from afar.

Four times had the nut season come and gone since the birth of little Laughing Boy and he could remember one day only when the fire had not burned upon the rocks in the Hollow. Ever since he had been able to walk he had trotted at his mother's heels down to the shore, when the air was chill and had squatted very close to the coals, for the warmth was very pleasant to his small body.

His mother, Quack Quack, which meant Wild Duck in the language of the Cave People, always screamed shrilly to him and gesticulated wildly, till he crept back out of danger, while she scoured the woods for logs and branches.

But there came a day when he crawled down to the river and found no fire on the shore. Then his father, Strong Arm, had gone upon a long journey. Many paths he had crossed on his journey along the bank of the river to a friendly neighboring tribe. And he returned after several suns with the good fire in his hands.

Since then the Cave People had tended the fire more carefully than ever. Thus Laughing Boy came to know that the fire was a friend, a friend who protected the Cave People from the wild animals of the forest. He knew also that it was very good to feel the warm flames near his brown body when the days were cool, and that it hurt very much if touched with his fingers.

Laughing Boy always ran at the side of his mother, Quack Quack, tagging at her heels or hanging on her shoulders. Although a very big boy, as Cave Boys

grew, he had never been weaned and always when he grew cold or hungry, he ran to her side and pulled at her breasts, uttering queer little grunts and cries.

In the bad season Quack Quack grew very thin as Laughing Boy nursed at her breasts. When he was four years old and the fruit was dead and the nuts and berries were nowhere to be found from the North fork of the river to the bend far below, Quack Quack felt that she could no longer endure but pushed him from her again and again, giving him bits of meat and fish to chew.

When once the Cave People had hunted twelve days without bringing home any large game, the eyes of the people grew deep with hunger and their faces were drawn and gaunt. A few fish they caught and again found bitter roots and some scrubby tubers, but these meant only a mouthful to the Cave People when they could, one and all, have devoured great hunks of meat.

Strong Arm sat on the bank of the river one whole day, but the storms had driven the fish up stream and he caught only two small ones that fluttered and beat themselves against the sticks which he had rammed into the mud, after the fashion of a fence.

Quack Quack, who was often alone in the Hollow, felt the gnawing pangs of hunger more keenly every day as she weakly thrust Laughing Boy from her breasts again and again, and staggered into the forest after fresh fuel.

And there came a time when the hunger and pain grew so strong that she remembered only that she must satisfy them. Then she pushed Laughing Boy into the cave, which was the place that served to her and Strong Arm for a home, and with a mighty effort rolled a stone before the entrance.

Laughing Boy, too, was very hungry, but she knew he was safe from the beasts of the forest. She heard his low wails as she turned her back on the Hollow and hurried away toward the branch of the river, pausing only when she saw the scrub ends of the wild plants, to examine them. But she found nothing to eat, only many holes where the Cave People had thrust their sticks in a search of roots.

Quack Quack continued on her way, al-

most forgetting the mountain lion, and the dangers that assailed without, for the hunger passion was strong within her.

The wild duck she sought and knew their haunts of old. It was because of her skill in catching them that she had earned her name among the Cave People.

Better than any other, she knew their habits and how to catch and kill one among them without alarming the flock.

This she had discovered when she was a very little girl. In those days it had been almost impossible for the Cave People to catch the wild duck. While they were sometimes successful in killing one, the others always scattered in terror. Soon they began to regard the Cave People as their enemies and immediately one of them appeared the alarm was given.

But when Quack Quack, the mother of Laughing Boy, was ten years old and the Cave People were disgusted because the wild ducks eluded them so quickly, she found a way to deceive the flocks.

She had waded out into the fork of the river, with the great green leaves of the cocoanut palm wet and flapping about her head, for the sun was very hot, and she stood quietly among the rushes, when a flock of wild ducks swam slowly down the stream. Suddenly she stretched out her arm, under the water, and seized one of the ducks by the legs and drew him down.* And then the rest of the flock, unsuspecting of danger, swam on slowly around the bend.

Then the little brown girl ran out of the water holding aloft the duck, which was dead. Her mother was very proud as well as the young brown girl, and all the Cave People clapped their hands and said, "Good! Good!" And the young men said "Woman," meaning she was grown very wise, and after that everybody called her Quack Quack, after the voice of the wild duck.

And Quack Quack grew very proud of her accomplishment and spent long hours hiding in the rushes for ducks. All the Cave People put leaves or bark over their heads in order to hide themselves and tried to catch them as the brown young

girl had done, but they always frightened away the flock even when they were lucky enough to seize one of the ducks.

Many years had passed since the brown girl discovered the new way of hunting, but the brown woman, whom they still called Quack Quack, had not forgotten.

She could not forget with a great hunger in her breast, as she slipped through the wood along the river bank.

Gently she stepped, making no sound, and every little while she parted the brushes lining the river with her hands and peered through. But there were no ducks and she caught her breath each time eagerly and went further on, twitching her ears nervously.

When she was almost exhausted, after some time, she again parted the brush. Now her eyes flashed, her small nostrils quivered and her hands worked convulsively, for there, not very far away, evidently drowsing near the rushes, she saw a solitary wild duck.

The brown woman drew in her breath, and softly, very softly, withdrew from the brush and bent her steps further up the river. On her way she tore a long strip of dead bark from a tree and wound it carefully around her head and face.

Then she plunged into the river until it rose above her shoulders, when she waded very gently with the current, down stream. The water was very cold, but Quack Quack clutched her hands sharply and stepped onward, deeper into the sluggish current, till only the rough bark which covered her head, remained in view.

Slowly, very slowly, she felt her way over the soft bottom, making no sound, causing not even a ripple in the water. A small bough floated at her side and she kept pace with it, going no faster, no slower than it drifted, till she came close, very close, to the motionless duck. Then her hand shot forth and she dragged it sharply under the water. But it was alone. There was none to take flight at its cries and Quack Quack, the brown woman, scrambled up the bank, wringing the duck's neck as she ran.

She shivered in the wind and shielded herself in the brush, and then, lying flat on the ground, buried her teeth in the duck's breast. Swiftly she ate, making loud noises with her lips and grunting

*Prof. Frederick Starr says in his *Some First Steps in Human Progress* that this old method of catching wild ducks is still practiced by the tribes in Patagonia.

joyfully, and not until the last portion was gone did she rise and turn her face toward the Hollow. Her stomach sagged with its heavy load and she walked slowly, glugged with food.

When the Cave People saw her, they cried out, "Wild Duck, Wild Duck!" They looked at her stomach, big and distended and were very miserable, for they

knew after what manner she had earned her name.

The fire on the rocks in the Hollow was cold and dead and Strong Arm was very angry, but Quack Quack said nothing. She heard the cry of Laughing Boy as she slipped into the Cave, and she threw herself onto the bed of dead leaves and drew him, whimpering, to her breast.

THE ORNAMENT OF BIG NOSE

II

AS far back as any of the Cave People could remember, their fathers had used the bones of wild beasts as weapons. I suppose they discovered long before that the marrow inside these bones was very good to eat. Then they hammered them with great stones till the bones split open and after they had eaten the marrow somebody discovered the sharp bones made very formidable weapons. No one had ever found sticks so strong and so sharp as these bone weapons.

By and by all the Cave People possessed great bones, split at one end, like a sharp sword. Almost every day the youths and maidens threw bones or sticks to display their skill. And the ones whose aim was true and who showed most power in his arm, strutted about and stuck out his chest, in order that all the other Cave people might know how great he was.

One there was whom they called Big Nose. Now in the time of the Cave People it was a marvelous thing for a child to possess a nose that protruded. Generally cave noses were much like the noses of the Tree People, with merely two large nostrils in the center of the face, slightly extended, preceding the head in order that the owner might catch the smell of danger or of good food. But him the Cave People called Big Nose because his nose turned down instead of upward, and it extended nearly half an inch beyond his face.

When he was only a slim brown youth, Big Nose became able to out-throw all the other young folks. He could fling his rough bone javelin many feet further than any of the others and with greater force. At the edge of the woods, he would

hurl it far among the trees and clip off, every time, the heads of the small purple flower that grew tall and slim in the forest.

Big Nose grew proud and held his head very high. And he began, after a little while, to wander farther and farther into the woods alone, for he desired greatly to meet the mountain lion or the green snake, in order that he might kill them with his weapon and become still greater in the eyes of the Cave People.

Every one thought he was brave but very foolish, for the youths and maidens rarely wandered about in the forest alone. Too often had their brothers gone out and never returned, and there was fear in their hearts.

But in spite of their warnings, Big Nose continued to hunt and one day, when he had traveled beyond the great rocks, he discovered a large tree lying prone upon the ground. The spring storms had uprooted it and flung it down to die.

Big Nose sped on till he reached the oak tree, when he heard, from its branches, a deep growl and much scratching. Big Nose drew back quickly and sheltered himself behind a great tree, waiting. Aloft he held his bone spear, ready to hurl it upon the enemy.

He waited a long time, but nothing came forth from the boughs of the oak tree, and gradually he grew bolder and cautiously advanced again. His ears twitched constantly and he drew his lips back from his teeth just as dogs do when they attack the enemy.

Big Nose still heard the low growling, but he saw nothing. When he reached the fallen oak, he saw that its branches were flung over a deep hole in the ground.

He peered into it carefully and saw a black bear, digging frantically with her paws. Evidently she had blundered through the branches of the tree and had fallen down into the hollow.

When Big Nose found there was no danger, he grew very happy and laughed softly to himself, for the black bear stood upon her hind feet and clawed the air, trying to get out.

And he dropped stones upon her head till she grew wild with rage and staggered about trying to reach him with her paws. Big Nose laughed softly and continued to tease her till she stood again on her hind feet, exposing her throat in rage. Then he lifted his arms above his head and flung the bone javelin into her breast with all his strength.

The bear dropped to the ground pawing at the bone which protruded from her throat, dripping with blood. Furiously she tore about the pit, beating its sides with her paws. And Big Nose was terrified when he saw his bone weapon fall to the bottom of the hollow, and he ran about hunting for a long stick with which he hoped to poke it out again.

When he returned to the pit, bearing sticks and boughs, he found the bear pressing her paws to her breast and growling with rage.

Very carefully he bent over the hollow and poked his weapon, but the bear discovered his movements and turned quickly upon him. With a stroke of her great paw, she slashed savagely at his arm, and laid it open to the bone. Big Nose choked back a cry of pain.

Then he arose to his feet and staggered homeward. Softly he went and his feet touched the earth gently. Dry leaves did not crack under them and he made no sound. But his wound bled badly and he grew weak with pain.

Then he stopped at the side of a dead tree and tore off a strip of bark, which he wrapped tightly around his arm. And he sped quickly, for wild beasts came forth eagerly at the smell of blood and he had no weapon with which to defend himself.

But he arrived at the hollow in safety. And the old men among the Cave People nodded their heads and threw out their hands, as much as to say:

"We told you so."

But the youths and maidens gathered around Big Nose with much interest, saying, "What? What" which, in the language of the Cave People, means, What is the matter?

And the brown maidens came near and gazed upon Big Nose with wonder and admiration. Even Light Foot, who had, alone, slain the man, who came down the river, from the enemies, the Arrow People, was pleased with Big Nose and brought herbs with which to wrap his wounds.

But Big Nose waved them all aside with a lofty gesture. Though the pain hurt him sorely, his face was calm, and he knew all the Cave People would think long of his bravery. And his blood was warm because Light Foot looked upon him with love and fire in her eyes.

When all the eyes of the Cave People were directed upon him, Big Nose knelt quickly on the ground and dug a small hole in the earth. With his arm that was uninjured, he pointed into it, growling in imitation of the black bear. And they knew he had discovered a bear that had stumbled into a hollow. Then Big Nose threw a stick into the hole and they understood he had hurled his bone javelin upon the bear. Snatching a second stick, he poked furiously to show how he had sought to extricate his weapon. With another deep growl, he pulled out his arm and held his wound where all could see.

It was in this way that the Cave People talked to each other. Their words were few and most of their ideas were expressed by gestures. "Quack, quack," they said when they meant wild duck. A deep growl signified the black bear, while a long line, made by drawing a finger through the dust or sand, gave everybody to understand the person spoke of a snake.

If you have seen a pantomime show, you will understand something of the manner of the gesture language of the Cave People. Even we "civilized" folks, long accustomed to verbal language, say many things to each other every day, by facial expression and by gesture.

And so, even the children among the Cave People understood the adventures Big Nose had encountered. When his pantomime monologue was finished, the men and women of the tribe rose eagerly.

They pointed first to the hole Big Nose had dug in the ground, and then toward the forest, as much as to say,

"Is the bear still in the pit?"

And one of them asked "Big Nose kill?" Big Nose shook his head and started toward the wood, indicating that the Cave Men were to follow.

So the strong men started through the forest. They hurried forward, keeping close together, with their bone javelins in their hands. For it was growing dusk. But all were hungry, and Cave People who have eaten little for twenty-four hours are willing to risk some danger for a meal of fresh meat.

They reached the pit safely. The bear still growled savagely in pain, and it was after much jabbing with their bone weapons that they despatched her.

Speedily they dragged her from the hole and began at once to skin and disembowel her. They worked into the dark hacking up and distributing portions in order that each man might carry back to the Hollow his share of the burden.

Very sharply the Cave Men drew in their breath, for the fresh blood of the bear smelled good to them. But the terror of the night was strong upon them, and they listened intently, sniffing the air, twitching their ears and trembling with fear. For it is in the night that the wild beasts creep forth for food, and the smell of fresh blood reaches a long way off.

So the Cave Men huddled together very close, each carrying a portion of the dripping carcass of the bear. Big Nose, too, bore a huge chunk of the meat, which he chewed from time to time. His wounded arm ached sorely, but because of the pride in his heart, he spoke not. But the way to the Hollow seemed very far and his knees almost sank beneath him.

Each man bore his bone weapon pointing away from his fellows, in order that the hyena, if it sprang at them, might receive the sharp bone point.

Strong Arm was he who thought most of the fire and the safety it brought. But he was unable to express his thoughts. For the sign of the fire among the Cave People was spoken in a gesture, and gesture language is not understood in the darkness.

One terrifying incident marked the

journey home. Soft foot-falls crumbled the leaves and two green eyes spotted the black, but the Cave Men huddled closer together, and shrieked so loudly that the animal, whatever it was, dashed away in fear.

When they came to the Hollow, the Cave Men called loudly to the others, and distributed big chunks of bear meat, which they all ate eagerly, with great satisfaction. Then the people crept into their caves, rolled great stones before the entrances, and slept.

Many suns came and went away again and Big Nose was so proud of his wound that he moved his arm with great care. The blood that covered it grew hard and black but he sought to preserve it there always, in order to recall to the minds of the Cave People thoughts of his courage. To him it was a precious ornament, so beautiful that it caused the young men to regard him with jealousy and the young women with admiration.

And Light Foot, who was very beautiful in the eyes of all the Cave People, refused to look any longer upon the other youths of the tribe. And when Big Nose asked her to share his cave, she was proud and happy and went to live with him and became his wife.

One there was among the youths of the Cave People whom they had never called "Man," which is to say, "you are wise and brave; therefore you are a man." Him they called Run Fast, because, in spite of the hair grown heavy upon his face, it was always his custom to run away when trouble came.

All the Cave People were often afraid, for death sometimes lurked in the shadows, and their ignorance was so great that they were unable to explain very common occurrences. But Run Fast was more fearful than the old women and the little children.

Run Fast hated Big Nose because Big Nose had done all the things he was afraid to do.

But one day he crept into the wood. He thought he knew of a way that would cause all the Cave People to look upon him with admiration. He did not see Laughing Boy slip through the brush behind him.

Run Fast did not travel far. He never

went far from the Hollow when he was alone. And he did not see little Laughing Boy, who watched him curiously from the bushes.

Then Run Fast did a very strange thing. Seizing his split bone knife, he scraped his arm till the blood ran and dropped on the ground. Then he bound it tightly, with a piece of bark, just as Big Nose had done.

He returned to the Hollow, screaming wildly, until the Cave People gathered to learn the cause of his distress. And he repeated, in the language of gesture, the same story Big Nose had told a few suns before.

The strong men and the women surveyed him sharply, for it did not seem possible to them that Run Fast had killed anything. But little Laughing Boy, who saw that Run Fast was receiving much attention because of the blood upon his arm, pushed his way among the people.

With a stone in his hand, he rubbed

fiercely up and down upon his forearm, till the blood flowed, pointing to Run Fast and shaking his head.

His meaning was plain. The Cave People understood him. It was, "See me. I can scratch myself harder than Run Fast did."

Then all the Cave People knew what Run Fast had done and they cried "Baby! Baby!" to Run Fast and he was disgraced before them all.

After that, when the young men of the tribe came home with blood upon their bodies, the strong men shook their heads and refused to believe tales of their adventures, unless they brought back something to prove their words. So it came to be a custom among the Cave People that the men or women who had killed a savage beast carried home with him the tail, or the hide or teeth of that animal. These they wore always as tokens of their bravery. Thus the Cave People first adorned their bodies.

Revolutionary Readings and Recitations

"THE CRY FOR JUSTICE"

Edited by Upton Sinclair with Introduction by Jack London.

THIS is a book that can only be fully appreciated when one has examined its 900 pages far enough to realize that it is a collection of the writings of poets, novelists, philosophers, revolutionists, who have voiced the struggle of the working class against poverty and exploitation. And then it dawns on one that this is a peculiar book, a remarkable book, a book that can be dipped into or read systematically with unflagging interest, a book that can be gone back to time after time for all the years to come, for information, for confirmation, for new light, for inspiration, for bigger and better visions of all that is yet to be done for the lifting up of humanity and the established recognition of the brotherhood of man.

The purpose of "The Cry for Justice"

has been to cull from the writings of the hundreds of authors quoted, those excerpts in which are voiced mankind's protest against the vast mass of unfairness, cruelty and suffering through injustice that are in the world.

The most difficult task, perhaps, in a review of this book is to give a tangible idea of its inclusiveness. Yet in fairness some attempts must be made. Among dramatists, for example, we find quotations from Andreyev, Bjornson, Brieux, Euripides, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Shaw, Sophocles and Strindberg. Among philosophers, Aristotle, Cato, Fichte, Nietzsche and Spencer. Among poets, Browning, Dante, Goethe, Masfield, Homer, Kipling, Vachel Lindsay, Milton, Verhaeren and Walt Whitman. Among social idealists, Bellamy, Sir Thomas More and Ruskin. Among statesmen, Bismarck, Franklin, Gladstone, Jefferson,

Li Hung Chang, Lincoln, Mazzini, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. Among religious teachers Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Luther, Saint Paul and Savonarola. Among essayists, Bacon, Carlyle, Emerson, Maeterlinck and Thoreau. Among novelists, Cervantes, Dickens, Dostoyevsky, Hugo, Tolstoy, Zola and Turgenev. Among feminists, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Sylvia Pankhurst and Olive Schreiner. Among economists, John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx and Henry George. Among modern radicals, Eugene V. Debs, Max Eastman, Emma Goldman, Jaures, Kropotkin and John R. Lawson. Among contemporary writers, Winston Churchill, Will Levington Comfort, Albert Edwards, Galsworthy, Gorky, Anatole France, Herrick, Howells, Kauffmann, Lippmann, London, Donald Lowrie, Patrick MacGill, Ernest Poole, Wells, Edith Wharton, Zangwill, Rolland and Rauschenbusch. All of these lists could be extended to exhaustion; one hardly knows where to stop among the hundreds of names that are found here.

The standards of this anthology are the standards of literature. The editor has not considered it his function to act as censor to the process of social evolution, and every aspect of the revolutionary movement has found a voice in this book; but two questions, the editor assures us, have been asked of each writer: Have you had something vital to say? And have you said it with some special effectiveness? The answer is found in the elevated song of the poet and in the impassioned words of those who have cried out their

indignation against man's inhumanity to man.

The quotations in the book are systematically classified by subjects, and the work is well indexed both by subjects and authors. Biographical notes of the authors quoted also add to the value of the work. The illustrations repeat in the field of art what has been done in the field of literature, and include reproductions of ancient and modern drawings and cartoons expressing the social protest in art. Among the artists represented are Millet, Van Biesbroeck, Kollwitz, Meunier, Mowbray-Clarke, Hogarth, Bocklin, Dore and Walter Crane.

When one has carefully examined "The Cry for Justice," one wonders that such a collection has not been attempted before. For many years to come a host of readers will feel thankful to Upton Sinclair for compiling this book, which, as a work of reference, as well as for general readings, should have a place in every public library and at the elbow of every thoughtful reader who is in any degree interested in social problems.

Illustrated; price \$2.00 net. We have been fortunate enough to make an arrangement with the John C. Winston Company, the publishers of this book, by which we can send it by parcel post or express, charges prepaid, on receipt of \$2.00, or with the REVIEW a year for \$2.50. No discount to stockholders on this volume. Address,

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By OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS, Ph. D.

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EDITORIAL

International Capital and the World Trust

Today the greatest capitalist groups of the strongest nations in Europe are engaged in fighting for new worlds to conquer—capitalistically. No matter how this war terminates, and the next war ends, and the wars still following close upon their heels may happen to close, it is pretty certain that there will arise out of the world anguish and industrial disaster, one strong capitalist group dominating the world.

We are seeing the battle of the various big national Trusts being fought out before our eyes today, just as our fathers witnessed the fights of the warring steel kings and oil companies and railroad corporations only a few years ago in many modern countries.

And while some of our fathers, who may have been socialists, realized that centralization, or the Trust, was a step forward in human progress, predicating, as it does, the time when the workers of the world shall take over these trusts to run them for the benefit of the working, instead of the exploiting class, while some of our fathers may have understood these things, they did nothing to HELP Rockefeller or Morgan or Harriman or Field in their great campaign for crushing out their competitors.

These were battles of the owning, capitalist class, and no intelligent workingman came forward to offer his life to help Rockefeller freeze out the independent oil companies. Men did not shoulder guns to give Morgan a monopoly of the American steel industry.

But in the fight of the German monopolies against French monopolies, of German trusts against English and Belgian trusts, the European workers have taken

up arms and are today fighting the great war which will determine which national trust shall be master, which capitalist group shall dominate all Europe and, finally perhaps, the whole world.

Understanding these things, the revolutionary workers are opposed to fighting this war of their exploiters, for the benefit of their exploiters. They know that it will merely benefit the strongest capitalists of one great nation, that it will mean greater centralization and internationalization of capital.

And this is what all wars mean, except the class war (between the working class and those who rob them). And this is why we are opposed to *ALL* capitalist wars.

It is true that we may not be able to prevent these wars, but at least we must do all in our united power to prevent them. It is true that the internationalization of capitalism and the world trust may be inevitable, but it is equally true that we should vote no war funds, appropriations for increasing armies and navies to help along this gigantic centralization.

It should be the part of every intelligent workingman and woman, and every revolutionist in particular, to oppose and point out how these wars are prepared for and how the working class is used to fight and murder and die, solely in the interests of the great capitalists of the warring nations.

We should oppose all wars at the same time we are pointing out that they *are* the wars of the enemies of the working class, who are only seeking greater fields in which to exploit labor.

We must keep our hands clean from the responsibility of helping to wage or to

make possible capitalist wars. We must oppose all war plans, whether it be for a small army or a large army, for a small navy or for enormous sea power. Of the greater or lesser evils we must choose *NEITHER*.

If the great capitalists of the various nations desire to fight for world conquest and world power, it may be that we cannot prevent them. But we can refuse to do their fighting for them.

Many well informed European comrades and scholars predict that this is only the first of a series of great world wars—that the capitalists of the great nations will bring about in their struggles to become the world-dominating capitalist group. This may well prove possible. But during these wars the workers who fight them may be either learning to perceive the interests instigating these great slaughters and to rebel as they under-

stand, or they may degenerate into mere cogs in vast military machines, who know only enough to obey the orders of those in command.

Wars may be made the greatest educational force the world has ever known, provided we do not hesitate to point out the true causes and hidden interests behind them, provided we do not hesitate to show the workers where they are fighting the battles of their enemies, provided indeed, that we seize our opportunities for teaching the workers the real meaning of wars.

We must try to prevent these wars, and if we fail, use them so that they will be eye-openers to the working class, so that year by year, more and ever more, workers may understand the old double-cross system by which the worker loses, no matter which national capitalist group may win.

M. E. M.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN



CLARA ZETKIN.

Clara Zetkin Arrested. Clara Zetkin has been arrested on a charge of treason. The charge is based on her attempts to dissuade German working women from doing their "duty." Berlin Socialists of the sixth electoral district have had the courage to protest. No doubt the majority of "socialists" are for the government and against Comrade Zetkin.

The Welsh Miners Again. The miners of Wales went back to work on the promise that the government would give serious consideration to their demands. They have been working under a wage scale adopted in 1879. Its provisions came automatically to an end in June. The miners had given due notice of the desire for a

change. They demanded advances in wages which would have amounted to ten cents a ton. Prices of coal have gone up, as has often been reported, three or four dollars a ton. The coal owners are said to be making about half a million dollars in profits this year *in excess of their usual gains.*

Mr. Runciman, president of the Board of Trade and the government's representative in the consideration of these matters, acknowledged that the men's demands were justified. But then the operators saw him and he was afraid to back up his opinion. When the men finally went back he went on with his shuffling. At last, about Sept. 1, the men lost hope of clear action and went on strike for the second time. What the outcome has been or is likely to be is not yet reported.

Here is what Hervé, the one-time militant, has to say about the Welsh rebellion: "A strike at such a time when we are fighting for the liberties and independence of Europe! Call it what you like; I call it a crime of high treason, not only against England, but against France and all the Allies." So far can war pervert the mind of a brilliant man.

As the REVIEW goes to press, the English Trade Union Congress is in session at Bristol. Its chief action thus far is the passage of a resolution against conscription. The English begin to realize that compulsory fighting is now very probable. The spectacle of Independent Labor Party men forced to go out and shoot Germans is one which we may behold in the near future.

It is to be feared that it was not the prospect of this sight which led to the ac-

tion of the Labor Congress; for in the resolution referred to the unions promise to do all in their power to hasten enlistment. What the old line labor men fear is what they referred to as "disruption of the nation." They know what the working class will stand and they are merely issuing a warning to the government.

Perils of Peace Propaganda in England. The cable brings the news that the office of the *Labor Leader* has been searched and one number of the paper has been confiscated. Not so very different from the things which happen in "militaristic" Germany. But the ministry and the police are not to be blamed. The Independent Labor organ has maintained steadily that the war is as much the result of English business policy and English secret diplomacy as of anything else. While others—even "Socialists"—are hailing Earl Grey as a national hero, the *Labor Leader* holds him up to the public gaze as one of the persons immediately responsible for the great slaughter. So it is not strange that the "democratic" English

government imitates the "autocratic" German one in this instance.

The I. L. P. men and women are opposed in an unbelievable manner. Englishmen and "Socialists" think it sufficient answer to use language that might legitimately be denied passage through the mails. Near the end of July the Socialist National Defense Committee held a demonstration in Queen's Hall, London. Hyndman, Seddon, Cunninghame, Graham and all the other frantic patriots held forth. Some of those in the audience objected to what was said. Ben Tillett, "rare Ben" he is called in the *Clarion* report, remarked: "In a strike I am for my class, right or wrong; in a war I am for my country, right or wrong." Some people in the audience booed. Ben replied: "You scoundrels! you cowards! you miserable rotters!" and later he playfully referred to the same persons as skunks. "A brave discourse!" says the *Clarion* man at the end of it. Brave, indeed, when we remember that soldiers in uniform marched up

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and down this "Socialist" meeting and threw out those whose patriotism was not up to the mark.

But those cowards are going on facing rotten eggs, arrest, imprisonment, all the terrors that go with the championing of an unpopular cause. Hardly a day goes by without news that one of them has faced the unthinking mob without flinching. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty meetings they are holding in England every week and facing German cannon is an easy, conventional thing in comparison with facing British mob violence.

Balkan Socialists for Peace and Union. While Roumanian and Bulgarian politicians are bargaining for the sale of their war-power the Balkan Socialists have spoken a word for the working class. They know what they want. They have known for years past, and they have not changed their minds.

The important thing for them is not merely to keep their nations from going to war—they must prepare the way for a great future. The three chief countries of the Balkan region constitute together a unit comparable in population and possible wealth production with the leading nations of Europe. Thus far they have been fighting the Turk and quarreling among themselves. Austria and Russia are fighting for Servia. Germany and Russia have long struggled for domination in Roumania. Where every politician represents at once domestic and foreign interests politics becomes a seething mess of pollution—and during the war it has been worse than ever. Hardly a day passes without reports of an agreement on the part of one government or the other to enter the war for the allies or for Germany.

Now the Socialists of these Balkan countries have spoken for union and peace. This happened at an international conference held at Bukarest on July 19th. Besides the Roumanians this conference was attended by Greeks and Bulgarians. The Serbs had chosen delegates but the Servian government prevented their attendance.

The meetings held were tremendously successful. The delegates found themselves in complete accord, and upon appearing in public they were enthusiastically greeted by great crowds. The outcome



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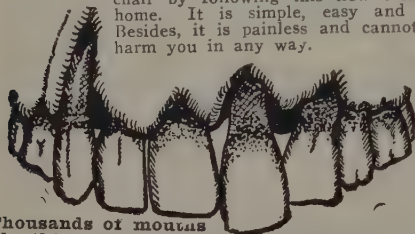
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of the deliberations was the formation of a Socialist Federation of Labor for the Balkan States. This Federation is to have conventions which shall take the place of the national conventions heretofore held. In between conventions its affairs will be in the hands of an executive committee made up of one Socialist Party representative and one labor union representative from each country. It is to be represented at international congresses as a single unit. Its bulletins will be published in French and German.

What these courageous and far-seeing comrades have in mind is to influence public opinion in favor of a federation of Balkan states. That would mean a certain degree of security for years to come. And with peace the working class will have a chance to develop its organization.

The delegates were very energetic in their declarations on international questions. They denounced the International Bureau for failing to meet now when its labors are more needed than ever before. The notion of support of war by Socialists was rejected as opportunism.

To these Socialists in the Balkans we send greeting. They will meet with us at the great international congress after the war. They will have no apologies to make, and they can be depended upon to labor for a genuine international movement.

The French Confederation du Travail and the War. The confederation held its annual conference in Paris on August 15. The discussions and the resolutions may be taken as proof that the French working people—at least, unionized French working people—have kept their heads better than we thought. There were more than 150 delegates present, representing about the same number of local units. No doubt they spoke for a large body of opinion.

The scanty reports at hand give very little idea of the arguments of the minority, but the majority evidently had their minds more bent on peace than on victory. When one remembers that at the present time German troops occupy French territory roughly equal to Belgium in extent, the restraint of the conference, the lack of anti-Germanism, seems remarkable.

The formal resolution adopted asks that all national labor organizations accept the proposal of the American Federation of Labor to hold an international congress at the time and place where the final treaty of peace is being signed. This is to be only the first step toward permanent peace. The real program of the Confederation is "compulsory arbitration, suppression of secret diplomacy, and abolition of competition in the building of armaments." This is going far for an organization which was considered anti-political.

It is not to be thought, of course, that the French workers are opposing, or will oppose, the prosecution of the present war by their government. But the struggle for national existence has not taken the place of the struggle for their class and for world union. When they meet it is these things they think of and plan for.

French Socialists and the War. It is late to be talking of the beginnings of the war, but the important thing is to get things right; and it is only gradually that we can piece together the hurried history of a year ago.

Some months ago the REVIEW remarked that the French Socialists were not to be blamed for entering the fight for national existence. They were not at all in the same position as the Germans; but at the same time it was remarked that several French comrades had forgotten the international in their fever of patriotism. Now, late though it be, it should be recorded here that this remark does not apply to most of the comrades who were called upon to act and speak in those terrible days a year ago.

In *Neue Zeit* for July 30 a well-informed writer, signing himself J. S., gives a detailed account of the course taken by the French Socialists before and after the beginning of hostilities. A number of things are made clear which American Socialists will be glad to know.

While negotiations between Austria and Russia were becoming threatening the Socialist group in the French chamber went to the cabinet and demanded that France be not dragged into a war about Russian claims in Servia.

When the great meeting was held at which some of the fervid patriotic ora-

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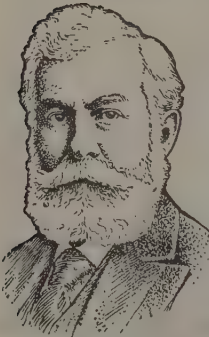
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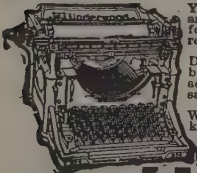


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tory is supposed to have flowed, the German troops were already marching through Luxembourg. France was sure to be attacked. This was on August 2. Even then the French Socialists made it plain that they would not support the government if it took the initiative in declaring war. Germany had already declared war against Russia. But Vaillant said, "In case of attack the Socialists will do their duty." That is, they would not go to war merely because irresponsible ministers had signed a treaty with Russia. And Pougnet expressed faith in the power and purpose of the German Socialists.

Sembat, speaking for the murdered Jaurés, said, "He would have told you that we should fight for peace until war is upon us. What is there to add? Even in war you should be true to peace as your ideal." And from this thought he went on to describe the dangers of a Russian victory—even as a German might have described them. On the third of August, *l'Humanité* and the Socialist parliamentarians were at work urging the government to use its influence with Russia to bring affairs to a peaceful conclusion. There was no question of a French declaration or attack. Attention was centered on persuading others not to begin.

On August 4 the German troops were rapidly marching toward Paris. The whole situation was altered. Then Guesde and Sembat entered the cabinet and the Socialists voted the war credits.

Up to the last moment these men believed in the German Socialists. If the Germans had made a move to hinder the attack on France, there is every reason to think the French would have united with their comrades across the border. It was only when the unbelievable had happened, when an army partly made up of Socialists was devastating France, that French Socialists threw aside for the moment theories and ideals and responded to the strong impulse toward preservation. To say that they were astonished is to put it mildly. The news that German Socialists supported the war left them without their chief basis for action. An international working class can stop war, but there was no longer an international. It was when this fact was finally clear that Guesde and Hervé spoke as they did against their former German comrades.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Keeping the Red Flag Flying—The Wellington branch of the Social Democratic party of New Zealand takes one share of stock in the publishing house and also orders a fine list of cloth bound books, along with a good sized order for our standard Socialist pamphlets. Comrade Ward writes, "During the war madness now prevailing in this country, the Socialists have alone kept their heads. In spite of the backsliding of the weak-kneed, fair-weather supporters the flag of Internationalism is still aloft and I trust that the same spirit animates the Socialist party in your country."

Our Militant Coal Miners—Local Union No 2616, United Mine Workers of America of Superior, Wyo., renewed their standing bundle order for 42 copies of the REVIEW during the coming year. The local has been taking the REVIEW for several years and it has evidently made good with the boys. Let us hope the day is not far distant when the mine workers of this country will be able to put up as solid a front against the common enemy as their brothers are now doing in Wales. May their militant spirit increase.

From Buffalo, N. Y.—Comrade Fahrey writes: "Our bundle of 40 September REVIEWS was easily disposed of. Send us 25 more, quick." Evidently our Buffalo comrades are waking up to the fact that the REVIEW stands for the rank and file first, last and all the time.

From Trenton, N. J.—Comrade Scarceriaux never sells less than 100 REVIEWS a month. Who says there is no red blood in New Jersey?

Local Union No. 2752—United Mine Workers of America comes through with the big iron dollars for a standing bundle order of 25 REVIEWS during the coming year. The men who mine the coal are not afraid to put up their cash to carry on the educational work which must be done before the workers will be able to put the coal barons out of business.

Cannot Be Without—A Kansas comrade in remitting for a bundle of September REVIEWS writes: "The REVIEW, comrades, is certainly the one Socialist magazine we cannot do without. What a wonderful amount of good those scientific articles are doing. To many men and women it will come as the first rift in the clouds of religious superstition that will clear the way for more revolutionary truths, which, without this, would not be possible. It also brings a new world to so many who are thirsting for truth but have been denied education and time for study. All honor to the splendid men and women who are shaping the course of the revolution and putting their life into enthusiasm, effort and courage for the masses who would be drifting aimless and powerless without these leaders. Such splendid articles in every department of the REVIEW—how hard it would be to select the best—what a high average they attain and hold."

More courage to you, comrades. I know you are busy, but just feel every number as

though I ought to write and tell you how we feel about it."—L. B., Horace, Kansas.

From St. Louis—A rebel writes: "Sold thirty copies of 'Shop Talks' last night. Wish you could see my economic class on the Court House steps. The interest shown among the workers for the real dope is certainly encouraging. We will soon be ready for 'Value, Price and Profit.'"—Danner.

From Milwaukee—One of our Red Card Railroad comrades sends in three dollars for three yearly subscriptions and writes, "You will get more." Go to it, comrade. There is a growing army of railroad boys who are wising up to the fact that the REVIEW delivers the real dope.

Glad to Hear It—"The REVIEW is getting better every issue."—R. E. C., Portland, Ore.

Sounds Good—In sending in his renewal, an Everett, Wash., comrade writes: "Can offer no suggestions for the improvement of the REVIEW unless you make it twice as big."

The Spirit That Conquers—"I have no suggestions to offer that would improve the REVIEW. But if I knew how, I would like to encourage you and all those engaged in helping to bring about the Revolution. I joined the Scottish Socialist Federation about 26 years ago in Edinburgh. I have taken a part—a very small part indeed—in the movement in Edinburgh, London, New York and San Francisco, so I know how often one gets discouraged at the very slow spread of socialistic ideas. There is so much to do and so few to do it and so many of us can only manage to exist by hard toil and keeping our mouth closed, that the others who are in a position to do anything have just to forget their disappointments and begin again. So don't forget that there are many like me who for want of time or lack of ability to put thoughts on paper, appreciate very much the efforts of those, who with tongue and pen and other means are in the forefront of the slowly but surely increasing army of Red Rebels, who, in spite of many temporary defeats, will finally overthrow all the obstacles that are keeping the worker from obtaining the full products of his labor."—David Westwater.

From the Iceberg Country—"The July number of the little old REVIEW came a few days back. Let me say it is, as ever, there with the goods."—Holst.

From Little Old New York—"I would not like to be without the REVIEW as I consider it the soundest and best of the Socialist party publications in this country."—J. E.

From a German Comrade—Comrade Smytz of Montreal writes: "With a magazine like the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW in Germany, it would soon sweep the country of Kaiser Socialists."

How to Count—Comrade John Pancuer writes: "I wish the I. W. W. would start Propaganda Leagues wherever there are two or three shops located, for educational pur-

poses. They could have an open forum for free discussion and could charter Athletic Clubs to attract the young for play, physical development and social intercourse. Any member could hold two cards, one in the shop local and one in the auxiliary League or Club and the individual would find his proper place in the working in the movement. We might gather in the trade unionist, the collectivist and the individualist, provided he was an actual workingman, or woman. In this way we could develop considerable industrial power. The organizations could co-operate in many ways and the One Big Union could attend to the industrial struggles, formulating demands, conducting strikes, etc., etc. The Propaganda Leagues would conduct Open Forums, lectures, mass meetings, taking up various labor questions, or popular scientific questions. Such subjects as Economic Determinism vs. the Power of the Ideals might be debated by those holding opposing views, etc., etc. The Athletic Clubs would become social centres in times of trouble or mass action, and the enthusiastic young members could conduct parades, picket lines, etc., etc. Remember that Opportunity is knocking at the door of every revolutionist every day in the year. It is not a question of how to find something to do, but that with the need for so many things to be accomplished, how best to get results."

For Hillstrom—We are glad to see that the Revolutionary Laborers' Club of Philadelphia has sent in a strong resolution to Governor Spry of Utah, at Salt Lake City, on Joe Hillstrom's case. We hope the many letters being sent the Governor will result in freeing our rebel comrade.

The Socialist Movement in the South—The greatest obstacle to the growth of the Socialist movement in the south is the compromising attitude of the socialist leaders to clericalism.

The State Constitution of Socialist Party in Tennessee prohibits the discussion of religious subjects. So any reference to the science of evolution is tabooed for fear of giving offense to minds obsessed with superstition, fear and credulity.

There is even opposition to the use of the

word "evolution" in its economic sense, lest it might be construed by religionists as an endorsement of the Darwinian theory of the origin of species.

However, the provision of the constitution with reference to the question of religion is ignored by the religious element of the party. Lectures are given on such subjects as "The Story of Jesus; or From Manger to Cross," etc., etc.

Much emphasis is now being given to "Christian" Socialism in the south.

But when it is considered that Socialism is only a name given to the science of economics or sociology, it will be seen that the prefix "Christian" before Socialism has no significance whatever. One might as well speak of "Christian" geology, or "Christian" botany or "Christian" zoology.

And are we to have "Buddhist" Socialism, "Brahmistic" Socialism, and "Tao" Socialism, when the movement shall have encircled the globe?

Anyone acquainted with the history of civilization well knows there can be little stability to any government based upon the consent of people in whose mind superstition is enthroned instead of knowledge and reason.

Mind enslaved by false beliefs have even been the prey of Charlatan, priest and mountebank. The motto of Socialists should be: "No compromise with ignorance and error."—Elviro Di Laura, Nashville, Tenn.

Ask for More—Comrade Salter, of Everett, Wash., writes: "Here's a dollar for renewal to my REVIEW subscription. Can offer no suggestion for improving THE REVIEW unless you make it twice as big."

Elsa Untermann, of Roseburg, Oregon, is going to win that free trip to California by securing REVIEW subscriptions. In two weeks of work she has gotten half the required number and put THE REVIEW to work for Socialism.

From Alaska—Comrade Mrs. Fred Keil sent in an encouraging letter with six REVIEW subscriptions. Our friends in Alaska seem to know when they get good working class propaganda material. We don't think they could be led astray from the class struggle if they wanted to.

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Cut Out the Bread Line—Class war is certainly hell, and as long as it exists there is bound to be a large number in the bread line, but it appears to the writer that more workers should choose to encounter the enemy, in many instances, where the barricades are the thinnest. Instead of walking the streets of cities, lying in jail over winter or breaking rock on the pile they should determine to live as comfortably as possible and under more sanitary conditions.

There are still a few hairbrained scissor bills, who, undoubtedly at this moment are begging a meal or eating "coffee and"—dished up by the charity fakirs, who imagine in the not far distant future they will become millionaires, because of some great opportunity presented in this glorious home of the free. However, most class conscious workers, and especially those out of a job and on the bum would be glad as long as capitalism exists to get a sufficiency of bread and butter and a good place to flop.

The writer is not trying to insist upon any let-up on the part of the workers in the class struggle. However, the method of starving, pounding rock etc., has proved very futile and ineffective as a means of securing industrial freedom. Besides, when spring comes, the worker finds himself starved, dejected and broken down in spirit and in many cases willing to submit to most any indignity imposed by the master class in order to live in any degree of decency. By the time he has recuperated, if such it may be called, it is nearly winter and he is ready to take his place in the bread line once more.

While it is absolutely impossible to solve the unemployment situation under capitalism, yet it is possible to alleviate, to a certain extent, the sufferings caused by a meager food supply and box car lodgings. Let the migratory workers, who are enjoying the blessings of the pay envelope—let those who can do without the glare of the electric lights, and the enchantments induced by gazing at the pay girls in front of the dime theaters, etc., let those who have practiced the capitalist doctrine of saving a part of their ducats earned by toil desert the city and hike to the jungles to spend the winter. It is possible for a man to fare quite well on eight or ten dollars per month during the winter season in the country and away from the city. This amount may be reduced and the sumptuousness of the fare increased in the proportion as the worker is able to persuade Mother Nature to share with him the products of field and forest. At the same time he is living in a healthy atmosphere and imparting vigor and vitality to both mind and physique. This idea, if taken up, while not eliminating the bread line, would nevertheless prevent some suffering and besides would have a healthy influence upon the rural population in an educational way.

Cook County in Northeastern Minnesota contains about sixteen hundred square miles and has a population of about 1,500. A great deal of the land belongs to speculators and

Clarence Darrow On The War in Europe

Here is something new on this subject, impossible as it may seem. It isn't a scientific treatise; it is a brilliant speech full of epigrams that you will enjoy whether you agree with them or not. For example:

"The Christians have supposed that the spread of Christianity would stop war, and yet the Christian German is praying to God to help him kill the Christian Russian, and the Christian Russian is asking the same God to help him kill the Christian German, and He seems to be helping both of them."

A little farther on Darrow comments on the failure of Socialism to stop the war (remember he is a rebel, but not a Socialist.) He says:

"The Socialists have demonstrated to the world what a great many of us were in doubt about—that they are just as human as other people."

Speaking of the good and the bad results of the war he says:

"A great deal of property will be destroyed. Whose property? Not the property of the poor—they have none. . . . Destruction of property under our present industrial system simply means division of property, nothing else."

As to the prevention of war, Darrow argues this can only come from human sympathy and kindness, and for producing these, he says, our whole education is wrong.

"No man is human unless he has imagination. No man is kind unless he has imagination. . . . Children are taught arithmetic, which does not develop the imagination. Far from it. They are taught grammar, which develops nothing but hatred. . . . They are taught logic, which shows how illogical imagination. . . . The education of the children, the education of the human race, must be toward the imagination; this breeds kindness, gentleness, charity. Every person is charitable to himself. He knows all about it. He cannot put himself in the place of the other person; if he could, he would be charitable to him as he is to himself."

No room for more quotations, but there are scores of passages as good as these. Buy the book for yourself and your friends; get your newsdealer to sell it.

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other interests. However, there are two sections of school land in every township, the most of which can be secured at \$5 per acre with terms of 15 per cent down and the balance payable in forty years at 4 per cent interest. Good schools are provided and roads are being improved and built every year. All these are secured by taxes paid by the rich land owners. Moose and deer, rabbits, partidges and all kinds of fish are plentiful. A shack could be easily built from the abundance of building material on the ground. With a small stake such as many spend in a day or two in the city, a man could live comfortably in a nice warm shanty with a sufficiency of good, wholesome grub. And all this, I say, is possible to many who next winter will be on the bum, although fortunate enough to have found a master during the summer months. A company of three or four could live even cheaper in proportion than one. And again, if you believe in political action—here's your chance to work it. Vote your own jobs and let the capitalists pay the bills; all of which, in my judgment is better than starving.—H. C. Ellsworth.

A Revolutionary Leaflet—The Swedish-Finnish Socialist Club of Portland, Ore., has printed in English and Swedish a stirring anti-military leaflet. The price is \$1.50 for one thousand copies, postpaid. Sample copies can be had by addressing Allen Blomkvist, 266 N. 25th street, Portland, Ore.

These Shifting Scenes—By Charles Edward Russell. George H. Doran Company, Publishers, New York. Cloth, \$1.50.

Some of us who know Russell as orator, magazine writer, author and all-round worker for the Revolution may not know or may have forgotten that for many years he was one of the alertest and most brilliant newspaper men in New York—which is saying a great deal. In this new book he gives the most delightful of rambling stories about the interesting things he saw, inside and outside the newspaper offices, which did NOT get into print at the time. To mention a tenth part of the good things in this book would take far more space than we can give to a book review. Charles Edward Russell knows the world as few men know it, his personality is charming, and he is for the working class first, last and all the time. These are merely a few of the reasons why "These Shifting Scenes" is good to read. C. H. K.

Why the Dumps?—"Why the dumps?" asked my friend, looking over my shoulder at the newspaper containing the lurid and patriotic spasm of Ben Tillet, the British labor organizer.

I covered it with a copy of the German socialist whitewash and sighed deeply.

"Cheer up!" he said, grinning pleasantly. "Remember the Welsh miners."

"And Herve?" I sneered.

"Forget it," he rejoined. "The sun is still shining and the flowers still turn toward the sun. And men and women will free them-

selves and seize upon happiness when they learn how to get it."

"Marching to the front?" I mocked.

"It IS unfortunate," my friend continued, "to see workingmen killing each other. But they can't learn to think for themselves all in one generation. What do you expect? Remember that it took man a hundred thousand years to lose his tail and learn to walk on his hind legs. We don't change all in a minute."

"War," I said, "at this day in a *supposedly* civilized world—and socialists taking part in it—and people predicting this is only the first in a series of world wars for world dominion!"

"Perhaps," admitted my friend gravely. "There may be many wars. There may be war upon war until the dominant capitalist group in the most powerful nation overcomes all the other nations of the world. What then?"

"Think of it! There would be only *ONE* nation upon the face of the earth and, finally, only *ONE* language spoken by the peoples of the whole world. There would be no more lands for the master class to conquer—there would be only *ONE* master class for the working class to conquer. And that working class will become one vast brotherhood organized to overthrow the ruling class! How much easier and simpler the revolution under such conditions than it would be to try to bring it to pass today!"

"You see that the trust was necessary and inevitable to the organization of industry, but you *can't* see that the *WORLD* monopoly is also necessary and inevitable."

"So we all ought to go to war?" I asked.

"Heavens, No!" he snapped. "We should point out every step of the way how wars are now being fought to further strengthen the power and property of the ruling capitalists of the various modern nations. At bottom wars are only the big fights of the big capitalist dogs to get more property, or to hold what they already have."

"But as long as the capitalists control the institutions of learning, the governments, the newspapers, the church, and all the legal machinery of government, as well as the army and navy, they can keep a great number of the workers deceived and divided and warring on national pretexts."

"It is our privilege to carry on the sort of working class education that will become the nucleus of the great revolutionary force that is going to rise as soon as Capitalism becomes really international."

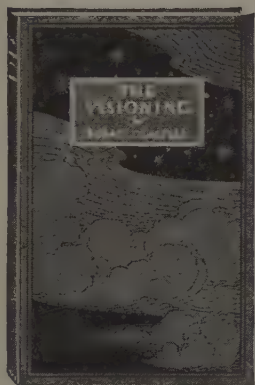
"There is no reason for despair. The sun is still shining and flowers still turn toward the sun. And just so surely will workingmen and women turn toward and seek and WIN comfort, freedom and happiness—when they learn how to gain them."

After he went out I made up my mind to organize a Study Club this winter and help increase working class consciousness that is going to leaven the whole lump in the Big Fight a-coming. He was probably right.

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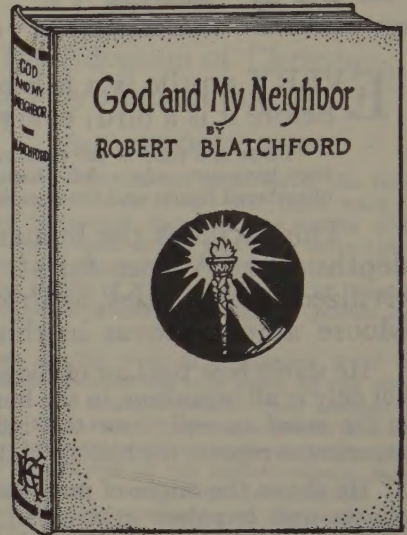
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